



No. 46.—VOL. IV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1893.

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### "BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

Much might be written concerning the recreations of our great singers. Lately an interviewer told how interested Madame Albani was in astronomy—an appropriate study for one who is a bright particular star in the firmament of song. Madame Christine Nilsson's great collection of fans and old programmes is another example of a vocalist's hobby.

"Die Meistersinger" memorable, while Edouard de Reszke as Mephistopheles in "Faust" is equally famous. Six years have passed since the Polish brothers made their first appearance in England. It was in Wagner's "Lohengrin," at Drury Lane, that they came, sang, and conquered, and always in this opera they never fail to arouse the greatest enthusiasm by their dignified and artistic singing.

A colleague whose triumphs have often been coincident with those of the De Reszkes is M. Lassalle. His fine voice has been often heard in



M. Jean de Reszke.

M. Lassalle.

M. Edouard de Reszke.

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."—EUGÈNE OUDIN.

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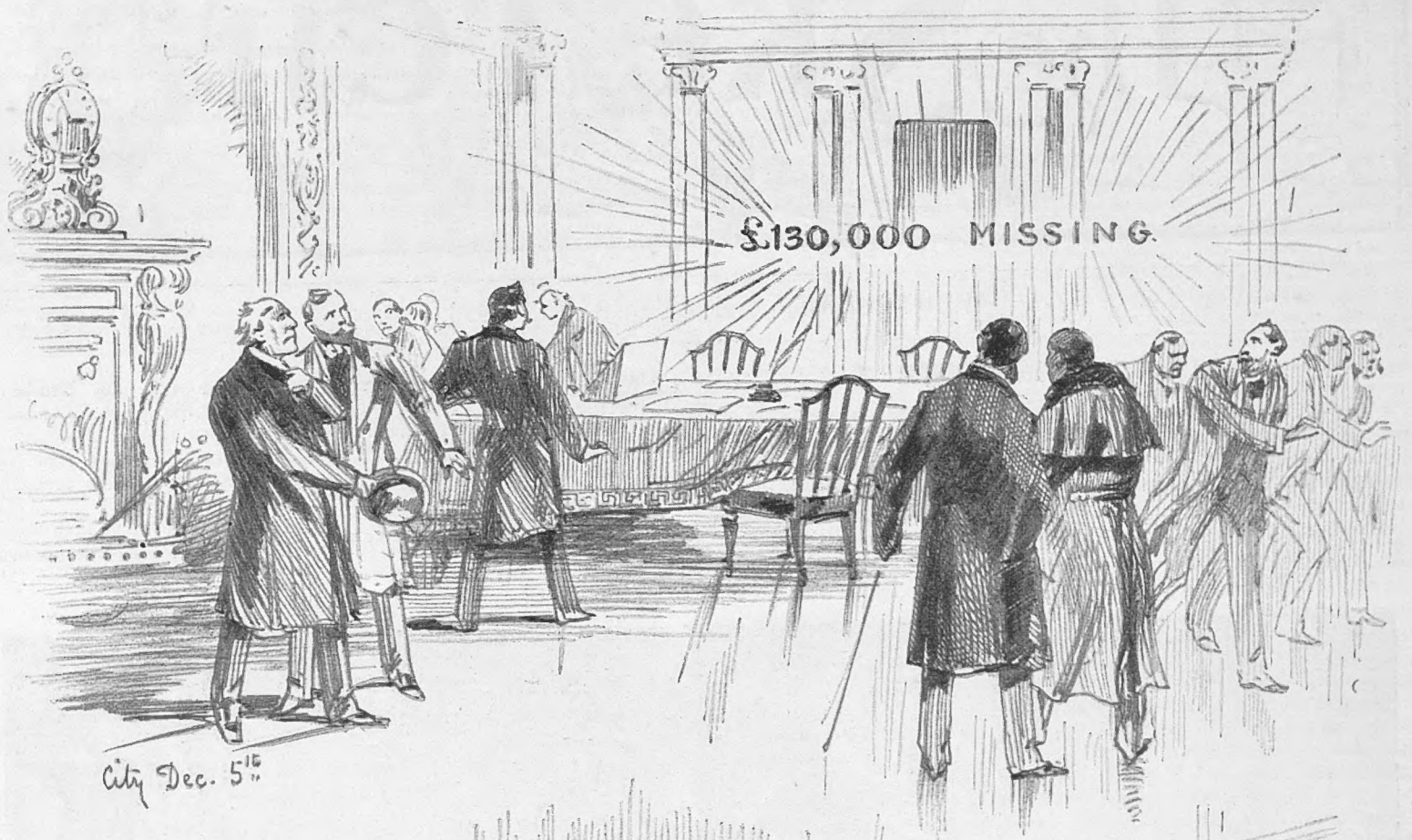
But not many are photographers, as is the case with Mr. Eugène Oudin, to whom *The Sketch* is indebted for the reproduction of his fine portrait group exhibited in the Photographic Salon. Under the happy title of "Birds of a Feather," Mr. Oudin has given most excellent portraits of three distinguished songsters—MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke and M. Lassalle. To lovers of opera these singers are thoroughly familiar all over Europe. In the London opera season their beautiful voices have thrilled thousands, while their dramatic art has added to their welcome. The impersonation by Jean de Reszke of Walther was always enough to make a performance of

London, and never without winning new admirers. He is a typical Frenchman, and has a natural dramatic instinct. He is not quite at home in the Italian language, and has been known to relapse into his native tongue on the stage.

A word about Mr. Oudin. He has achieved a very speedy success in this country, and thoroughly deserved it. Not only a singer, Mr. Oudin has composed some delightful music, which, when he is his own interpreter, shows his lovely voice to best advantage. Just recently, he and Mrs. Oudin considerably added to the attractions of the Monday Popular Concerts by rendering some duets in irreproachable style.



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"Yes," said the actor, emphatically; "and I know that statement is made by people who have also said that if the public accepted the play this would mean a revolution in the English drama. A revolution made by nothing but impropriety! It is absurd."

"Do you believe there is a revolution?"

"Not at all. There is a development of public taste. 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' deals with life in one of its most serious aspects. It presents a picture so moving and so true that it is discussed in the three kingdoms as if it were a real experience—as if Aubrey Tanqueray's domestic affairs had startled the world at the inquest on his wife. Now, if the drama can have this effect of actuality, what is the use of pretending that playgoers do not care for serious subjects on the stage? Depend upon it that it is not so much the subject as the treatment, the knowledge and skill of the dramatist, which will determine the issue."

"Have you a personal preference for this form of drama?"

"Personal preference!" echoed Mr. Alexander, turning over another letter. "Listen to this. Here is a correspondent who takes me to task in the kindest and gentlest way for having produced a piece which has 'a bad influence.' And then he goes on to urge me to become the 'Savonarola of the stage'! What a distinction—if I only had a personal preference! If I am not getting a little Irish, may I ask you why a poor manager's tastes should not be all preferences?"

"Especially," I ventured to suggest, "as you are the Savonarola who produced 'Dr. Bill.'"

"Just so," laughed Mr. Alexander, in high good humour. "That reminds me, by-the-way, of a visit we had from M. Carré, the author of the play from which 'Dr. Bill' was adapted—I'll tell you about that presently. But what I mean is that the manager is not called upon to have any personal preference any more than the playgoer. My ideal of

the cultivated playgoer is the man who can appreciate both 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' and 'The Magistrate.' They came out of the same head. There is not the smallest reason why the realistic drama should be antagonistic to the romantic or the fantastic. The taste which embraces all these may call itself educated."

"And in which of them shall you make your next experiment?"

"Well, I don't think it will be necessary to decide that for some time yet. But I may tell you I have plays by Mr. Henry James, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Alfred Calmour; also two very powerful pieces by Sudermann, the German dramatist, including 'Heimat,' his latest work. There will be strong parts for Mrs. Patrick Campbell in both of them."

"We are all waiting for Mr. Henry James's reappearance as a dramatist. May I ask the subject of his drama?"

"You may not," replied Mr. Alexander, with a winning smile.

"But I will reveal this much—it is a story of the last century."

"A costume piece," interposed Mrs. Alexander, whose eyes sparkled

with a vision of sumptuous raiment. I may remark here that Mrs. Alexander's supervision of the dresses and decorations at the St. James's is no small part of the management of that theatre. "And a splendid part for my husband," she added with supreme contentment.

"But the most important thing about it is—" Mr. Alexander paused, and looked at me with great solemnity.

"May I tell my readers this?" I asked anxiously.

"You may; it will be a great relief to some of them. Give it all the emphasis you can. Mr. Henry James's play is not 'shocking.'"

"Don't look so awfully dejected," he went on. "We were speaking just now of M. Carré. He came into the St. James's the night of our reopening. He is the director of the Vaudeville in Paris, and seemed a little surprised to find a London theatre so comfortable."

"It would be more surprising to find comfort in a Paris theatre. But what did he think of our custom of wringing a speech out of the manager in front of the curtain?"

"There you touch me on a tender chord!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander. "Some people seem to think a manager is always bursting with a desire to flood his theatre with his own eloquence. It is not my ambition; but how am I to resist an appeal like this? Here is a letter from a man in the gallery. He says, 'I've been in the gallery every one of your first nights. Your friends can go

round to the stage-door and shake you by the hand. We in the gallery can't do that, but we like you to come out on our side of the curtain, for then we can welcome 'Our Pal.'"

"Do you think they will ever call him 'Good Old Alec'?" asked Mrs. Alexander, very seriously.

"That is my idea of popularity," said the actor, with his frank laugh. "At any rate, I hope to continue 'Our Pal' to the end of the chapter. Good-bye."

I came away with the conviction that the "youngest and most ambitious of our managers," to use Mr. Irving's words, is animated by the broadest sympathies, and by that genuine love of his work for its own sake which is the best pioneer in any art. Mr. Alexander has already shown that he has the courage to strike out new paths, that his personality as an actor does not wed him to a particular groove. None of the reproaches which are sometimes levelled at the actor-manager has any relevance to the policy which he has pursued at the St. James's, and which in a very brief space has established his reputation on a solid basis.—A.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

The production of "The Agitator," a one-act drama, by Mr. George Hughes, at the West London Theatre on Monday week marks an epoch in what may be called the history of the drama in the music-halls. The cast includes the popular comedian Mr. George Barrett and the author. Mr. Hughes has made a bold bid for success in a difficult enterprise. Judging from the enthusiasm which has greeted its representation nightly, and that it is being continued in the bill, "The Agitator" must be pronounced a success.





Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.  
MR. ALEXANDER AS MR. TANQUERAY.

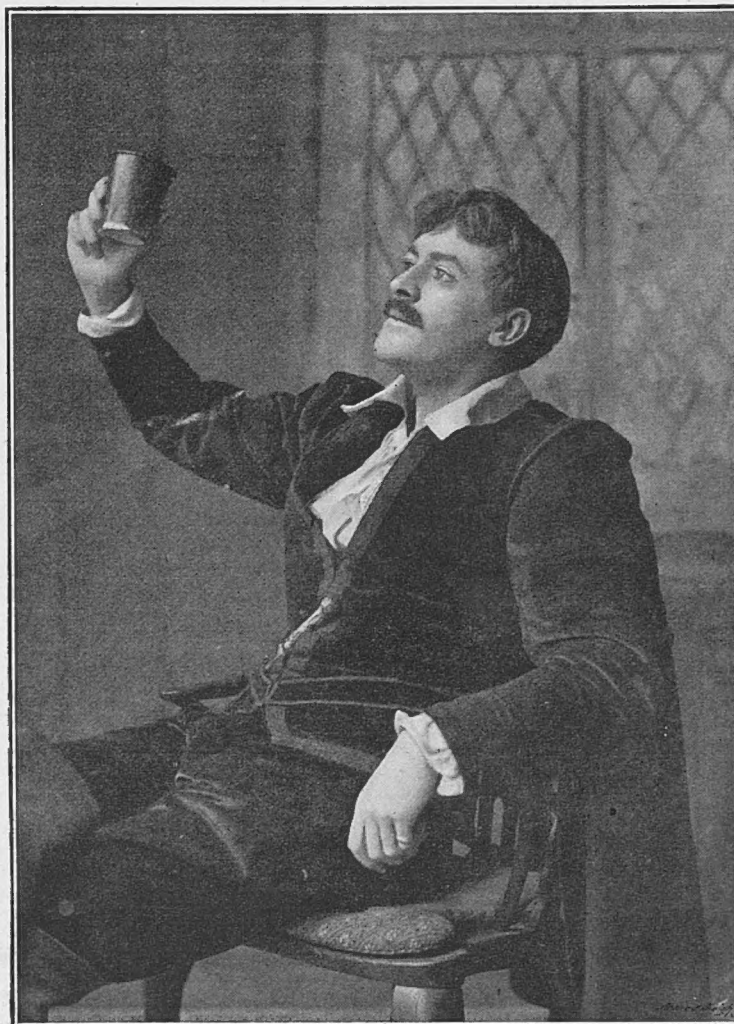


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.  
AS KIT MARLOWE.

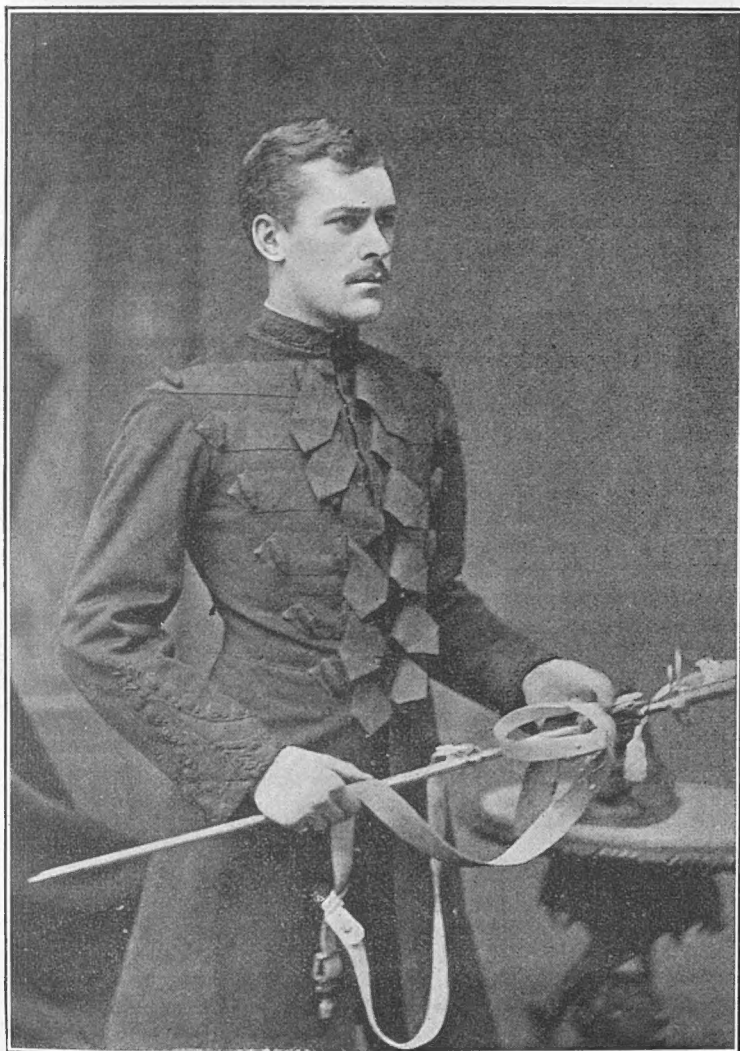


Photo by W. Thrupp, Birmingham.  
AS GEORGE D'ALROY IN "CASTE."

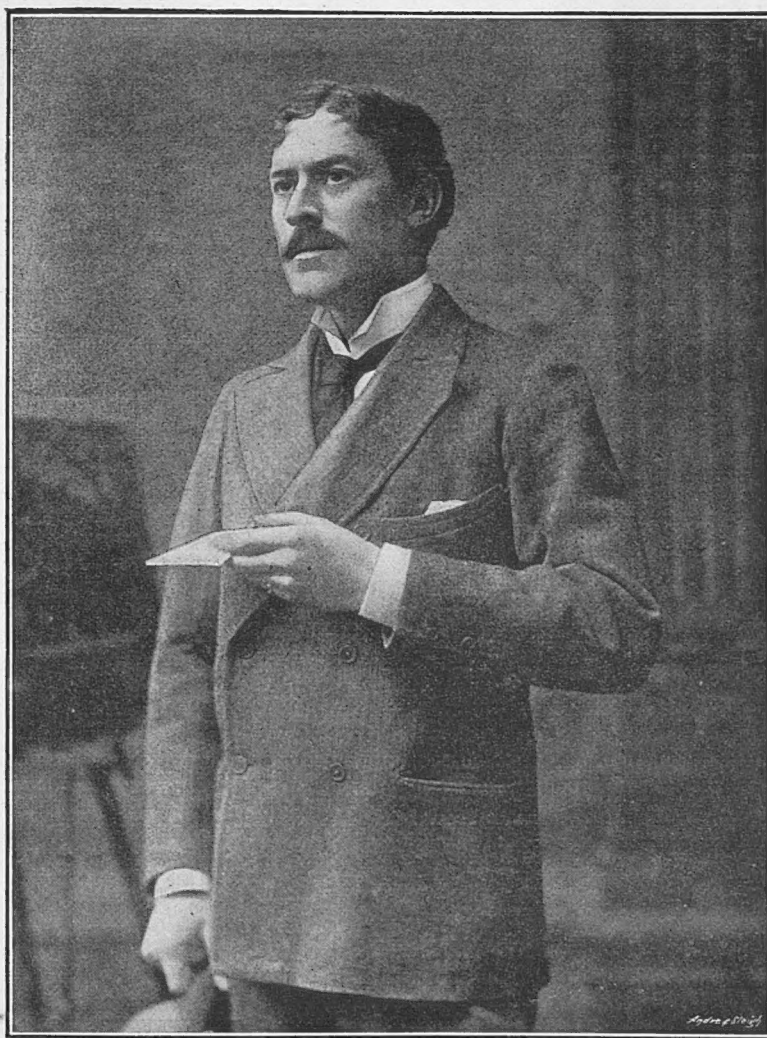


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.  
AS MR. OWEN IN "LIBERTY HALL."



## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The New South Wales Government was defeated on Thursday on a motion for the adjournment of the House as a mark of censure upon the conduct of the Attorney-General, the Hon. Edmund Barton, Q.C., and the Minister of Justice, the Hon. R. E. O'Connor, in accepting briefs against the Railway Commissioners in an action brought against a firm of railway contractors for breach of agreement, involving £1,000,000.

Lord Jersey addressed a large meeting in the Imperial Institute on the same day on the prospects of the colony. He said Sydney was destined to be a great Australian port for the Pacific, in which the greatest extension of trade was likely to occur, and he vouched for the loyalty of the Australians.

The Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, says that during the last three years 6000 settlers have been placed in the unoccupied land of the colony. With three times that number New Zealand may fairly expect to enjoy ample prospect.

In Victoria two State Labour colonies have been started. At one of these, Leongatha, started a few months ago, 530 men have passed through the books. Of these, 200 have left, mostly to better themselves. To keep the remaining 300 in food and wages costs about £140 weekly; but the clearing and cultivation is said to increase the value of the land by several thousands of pounds and leave a margin of profit to the State.

The establishment of Labour colonies is occupying the attention of the Queensland Government. A Bill has been introduced in the Assembly to promote settlement by co-operative communities and to allow for the establishment of self-governing communities of not less than thirty men, the area to each group not to exceed 160 acres. The total area to be allotted is not to exceed 10,000 acres.

The deficit for the financial year in Quebec has been reduced to 24,000 dollars, against the deficits of 1,500,000 dollars for the three previous years. This has been accomplished by reducing the annual expenditure by 800,000 dollars, increasing the ordinary revenue by 200,000 dollars, and imposing new taxation to the amount of 500,000 dollars. A further reduction of over 300,000 dollars on the current year's expenditure will leave next year, it is hoped, with a handsome surplus.

Sir John Thompson, the Premier of Canada, has been created a Privy Councillor. In addressing a public meeting at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, on Thursday, he declared that events justified the breaking off of the negotiations with Mr. Blaine for a treaty of reciprocity between the Dominion and the United States. The fearless action of the Dominion had taught their neighbours that, while willing to trade on fair terms, Canada was still loyal to the mother country.

The deaths are announced of the Hon. John Boyd, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and of the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland.

The Hon. James McDonald, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, has gone to Jamaica to investigate certain serious charges against the judiciary of the island. Owing to the operations of the McKinley Tariff, the revenue of the island was reduced by £30,000 during the past financial year.

Matters in Matabeleland still stand where they did. Colonel Goold-Adams reports to the High Commissioner that a letter had been received from Lobengula, asking that the force of Major Forbes might be withdrawn, so that he might come in and discuss the situation. On the other hand, it is reported from native sources that his Majesty has not the slightest intention of coming in until he is brought in a prisoner.

Lobengula will have to wait some time before he returns to that royal type of life to which he was once accustomed. Not that it was very grand after all, as may be gathered from the fact that a royal messenger, who when on duty was the second man in the kingdom, equipped himself on great occasions with the end of a box whereon was painted in large red letters the legend "Fry and Co.'s Cocoa."

Mr. James Monro, late Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and now engaged in missionary work in India, gave evidence before the Opium Commission on Thursday strongly in favour of the use of the drug, which, he pointed out, was consumed in small quantities, and was no obstacle to missionary work. The anti-opium crusade he condemned as being conducted with a ferocity which was forgetful sometimes of the ordinary rules of polemics as well as of Christian charity.

The sugar crop in Trinidad promises to be very large. The cocoa-trees are heavily laden with fruit.

A diamond of very pure water, weighing 133 carats, has been found at the Jaegersfontein mine, South Africa. The finder got £100 from the management.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

We are undergoing a series of climatic changes enough to try the temper of a saint. One day the roads are as hard as iron with the frost; the next day a drizzling rain is the keynote of the programme; the day after the sun shines, and, consequently, everybody is good-tempered, or ought to be if they are not; and then, last of all, succeeds a fog that is worthy of London as far as murkiness and thickness go. The only thing it has not done yet is to snow, although one morning it made a slight attempt to do so. From the Pyrenees come tales of dreadful snowstorms and intense cold. A friend, who went to Santander to sketch for an illustrated paper immediately after the dreadful explosion, told me that he went there, never dreaming to take his fur coat with him, and, on arriving, found several feet of snow, although in Paris it was quite mild weather.

The French Government has wisely altered the letting of "shoots" in all the State forests, which up to the present time were let in very large areas and for a considerable period. Now, however, quite small lots will be let, and for comparatively short leases, so that the enjoyable sport can suit most purses. The vast shooting of the Forest of Fontainebleau has been taken by M. Lebaudy from M. Ephrussi. The revenue derived from the State shootings amounts, I believe, to about £35,000 a year.

An extraordinary elopement has just taken place, which to those concerned has caused unmitigated horror and disgust, and to outsiders a certain degree of not unnatural amusement. It appears that the Comte de X., moving in the *haute société du Faubourg Saint-Germain*, and apparently on the best possible terms with his wife, an extremely pretty and popular woman, decamped one bright morning with an African negress. He left a letter behind saying that he was no longer happy with his wife, and therefore was going with the lady of his choice to another clime, where he was sure to find unbounded happiness. The poor Comtesse is staying with her mother, and divorce proceedings have been commenced.

Baron de Rahden has been acquitted of the murder of the supposed lover of his wife, Lieutenant de Castenkiold. It may be remembered that the Danish officer was a great admirer of the Baronne de Rahden, a rider of the *haute école*, and followed her from town to town when she was performing, to the great annoyance of her husband. A duel was the consequence, and the Baron was wounded in the head. However, it seems that the two men became friends once more after this duel, until July of this year, when, at the circus at Clermont-Ferrand, the Baron suddenly encountered the Lieutenant, who told him he had been engaged as *écuyer*. This once more roused the jealousy of the husband, and, after several quarrels, he one night, while under the influence of drink, shot his rival four times with a revolver, killing him—in spite of which, however, the jury, after only five minutes' deliberation, brought in their verdict of "Not Guilty."

The Comtesse de Chauveau-Naryshkine, who recently died, has left a most curious collection of warming-pans. Her husband originally bought the greater part of them from Nestor Roqueplan, and unparelled prices were given for the most ancient and romantic ones, among which were those of Anne de Bretagne, Madame du Barry, Marion Delorme, Mlle. de la Vallière, Diane de Poitiers, Mlle. de Fontanges, Marie Stuart, &c.

The Princesse Hélène d'Orléans and her brother, the Duc, have passed through Paris on their way to Egypt, where they intend staying two months, and then going leisurely through the Holy Land. They are accompanied by the Comte and Comtesse G. Costa de Beauregard.

Madame Raymond has obtained a divorce from her husband. She is the lady who found her husband with one of her most intimate friends, Madame Lassimone, in a room at 33, Rue de Rocher, under unmistakable circumstances. In a fury of jealousy and rage, the injured wife fired on her rival, killing her instantaneously. Madame Raymond was acquitted, however, by a sympathetic jury—indeed, she received the pity of everybody, as it was proved that she was a most devoted wife and passionately attached to her husband. Truly, Paris is the place of all others for these *dramas d'amour*.

In the *Figaro* appears the following advertisement almost daily: "A young, handsome German Prince, of very ancient family, and related to several reigning houses, and possessing no debts, desires to marry a lady of very good personal appearance, American most preferred, but who must have a *dot* worthy of the princely rank of the advertiser. Anonymous letters will not be answered."

Mrs. Parker Deacon, the heroine of the Cannes tragedy, is living again in Paris, and is announced to be on the eve of marrying the Comte de Turenne.

Mrs. Moore, the American, recently gave an "at home" which was attended by all Paris, and at which assisted Madame Caron and Coquelin, Judic, and Yvette Guilbert. Mrs. Moore is very justly considered as the queen of American hostesses, and is, if anything, even more popular with French people than with her own country people, who are just a little envious of her riches and popularity.

MIMOSA.







## THE ARDLAMONT CASE.

## CHAPTER I.—LIFE.

If you go to Ventnor, people will show you the handsome Steephill Castle, about which those who have read "Comin' Through the Rye" have heard a good deal under the name of "Luttrell Court," and will talk to you of the schools built by its owners and the other good deeds of the Hambroughs. To-day that part of the island is mournful, for its benefactors are in deep sorrow. Cecil, their heir, is the poor boy whose tragic death has caused the trial fixed for the 11th in Edinburgh, which will be deemed one of the celebrated cases of the century. Cecil, or, as the "indication" calls him, "Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough," in six months from now would have come of age, and the event would have been greeted with bonfires and roasted oxen in many a parish. He seemed to be one of Fortune's favourites, for the family estates were entailed, and in due course he ought to have inherited a fortune said to be of £7000 a year, as well as the castle and estate; moreover, he was heir presumptive to Pipewell Hall, Northampton, and a property worth £2000 per annum. Nor was this all; he had the more precious endowment of strength and health. His earlier days were strictly

sought a tutor for him, and, on the strength of excellent testimonials, chose Mr. Monson, who to-day stands charged with the murder of his pupil. About the antecedents of the man now in this terrible position we are unable to say much at present. Mr. Monson was a married man. In 1881 he had wedded, at Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, Miss Agnes Maud Day, said to be daughter of a colliery owner: at first



Photo by M. Asquith, Harrogate.

LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH.

a record of mere family life with his parents and his sister Ethel, who was two years younger than he. The other children are two daughters, Millicent, now fifteen years old, and Sybil, aged nine, and there is a delicate boy, about three and a-half years of age, who is now the heir and hope of the family.

Poor Cecil was, perhaps, kept too much at home, and in consequence remained always very guileless for his age. He was not sent to any school, but was educated by a Mr. Jackson, of Ventnor. Learning from books, however, was little to his taste, and it proved to be difficult to keep him indoors for his lessons. Not only had he a love for horses and dogs, for hunting, shooting, and fishing, but the flowers and trees appealed to him not vainly, and he even studied books so as to learn about them and their nature; the shot which killed the youth put an end to the career of a promising botanist. A simple-minded lad, one who "thinketh no evil," he was, and a fine specimen of the Saxon race, tall, strong, straight-built, blue-eyed and golden-haired. Almost everyone who knew him loved him.

Cecil's parents wished him to go into the Army—perhaps not the best career for a boy with such expectations. He was quite willing to serve his country. When he came to be sixteen, his father, Major Hambrough,

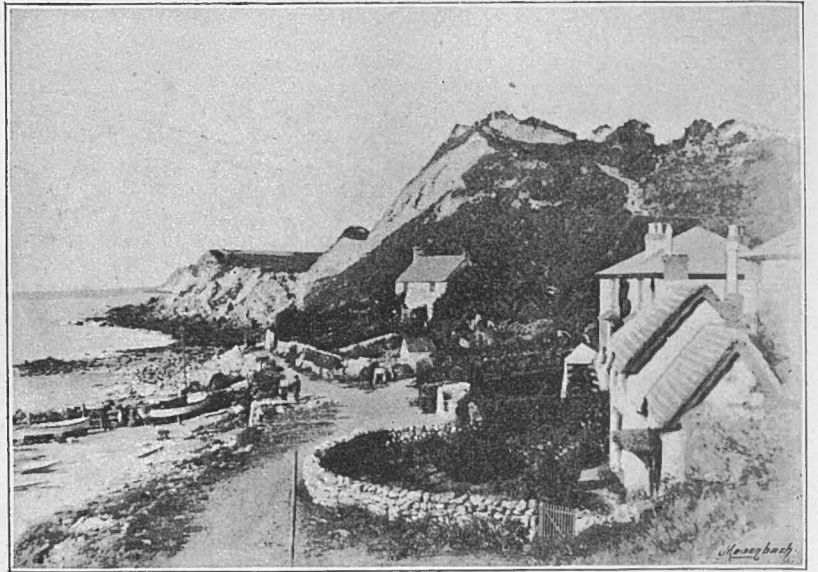


Photo by W. Rawlings, High Holborn.

STEEP HILL COVE, VENTNOR.

some mystery was maintained as to her maiden name. The description given of her by two people who knew her is that she has dark eyes and a brunette or sallow complexion, with good features, save so far as a rather too powerful nose belies the statement. Her husband is the son of the late Rev. Thomas John Monson, Rector of Kirby-Underdale, and his mother was a daughter of the fifth Viscount Galway. His paternal grandfather appears to have been the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Monson, Rector of Bedale, and son of the second Baron Monson.

But little time passed after Cecil became the pupil of Mr. Monson and friend of his wife before his parents found a change in him. It is true that he persevered in his profession; indeed, he reached the rank of Lieutenant in the 4th Battalion Prince of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment, in which he was a very popular young officer, and his name was put down for the Grenadier Guards. He had chosen the Militia as "back door" to the Army. On the other hand, his father and mother seemed to have lost him. Those whom they had put *in loco parentis* appeared to have been too successful in their occupation of the position. Letters to home became rare, and visits rarer still. Indeed, this lad, though he never quarreled with his mother nor pretended to have a grievance against

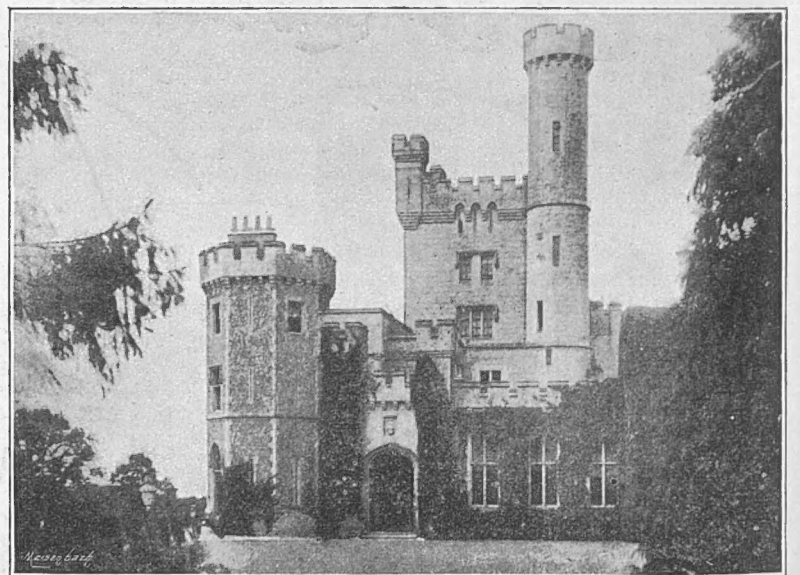


Photo by W. Rawlings, High Holborn.

STEEP HILL CASTLE, VENTNOR, WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN INHERITED BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH.

her, at one time remained a year without seeing her, and yet to make a journey home was but matter of a few hours in the train.

Moreover, there was even worse than this: rumours came that Cecil had grown dissipated—none of those who knew and loved him believed them—and in addition were reports of extravagance, of debts, and loans from common money-lenders; shocking loans, too, for what can one expect in the way of interest and bonus when a boy, who has





ARDLAMONT POINT, WITH ARRAN IN THE DISTANCE.

merely a reversion on the life of a man, aged only forty-five, tries to borrow money? To say that the parents were 'grieved' is, of course, a mild statement; letters and telegrams were constantly sent by them to Cecil, but the usual reply was a mere "wire" to say "I cannot come



ARDLAMONT HOUSE.

the tragedy. Ardlamont is prettily placed on a promontory which lies between the Kyles—we should call them "Straits"—of Bute and Loch Fyne. On the west lies Cantire, on the south the Isle of Arran, while on the east is Bute. The estate consists of about 11,000 acres, arable,



SUN-DIAL IN THE GARDEN AT ARDLAMONT.

to-day." In January of this year, hearing that the boy was at the Métropole Hotel, Major Hambrough came to town and induced Cecil first to go to the house of his aunt, Mrs. Reeves—"Helen Mathers"—and then home for a few days.

Early this year Mr. Monson went up to Ardlamont, the scene of



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT ARDLAMONT HOUSE.

pasture, moorland, woodland, and hill. The house is large but unpretentious, and of no architectural interest, as, indeed, our drawings show. The scenery round about is delightful, and the fishing is said to be good. The property was formerly owned by a Colonel Lamont, and after his death his trustees tried to sell it. Lately they have found a purchaser,



GATEWAY OF THE FIELD WHICH THE SHOOTING PARTY CROSSED PRIOR TO THE FATAL SHOT.



WHERE THE BOATING ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

*From Photographs by G. F. Weston.*



at the price of £80,000 or thereabouts. Mr. Monson made some negotiations with the factor, and eventually a lease, or "let," was granted to young Hambrough and a Mr. Jerningham.

Towards the close of the summer Cecil came to Scotland. Thither, also, journeyed the mysterious Scott—or, as he is called in the "murder"

*Alfred John Monson*

*Arld Lamont House 274*

MONSON'S SIGNATURE IN THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE CENTRAL HOTEL, GLASGOW, AUG. 7.

notice, "Edward Sweeney, *alias* Edward Davis, *alias* Edward Scott, known in racing circles as 'Ted Davis,' or 'Long Ted'—the man now indicted with Mr. Monson for the murder. Who and what was this

*E. Scott* *A. Monson Esq.*  
*Miss J. M. Scott* *Arldlamont House,*  
*Argyleshire*

SCOTT'S SIGNATURE IN THE SAME BOOK, AUG. 11.

MONSON'S ADDRESS IN SCOTT'S HANDWRITING IN THE HOTEL ADDRESS BOOK.

man, for whom every village and every street in every town of the United Kingdom has been zealously sought, remains an utter mystery. Ostensibly, he came as engineer for the small steam-yacht which young

*Mr. Monson* *Risley Hall, Yorks.*  
*Mr. Hambrough* *Risley Hall, Yorks.*

MONSON'S SIGNATURE IN THE VISITORS' BOOK, ROYAL HOTEL, TIGHNABRUAICH.

Hambrough had bought, and his disappearance after the death is one of the most startling features of the whole affair. Not unnaturally, those who believe that the death of young Hambrough was not accidental suggest that Scott, the witness or accomplice, has been made away with by his partner in crime.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE DEATH.

On Aug. 9, rather late in the afternoon, young Hambrough and his guardian went out fishing in Ardlamont Bay. The "indication," or, as we should say, "indictment," tells the prosecution's version of this incident in grim, blunt language—"That you, Alfred John Monson and Edward Sweeney, *alias* Davis, *alias* Scott, having formed the design of causing by drowning the death of Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough, now deceased, did, in the execution thereof, bore, or caused to be bored, in the side of a boat, the property of Donald McKellar, boat-hirer of Tighnabruaich, Argyleshire, a hole; and, having plugged or closed the said hole, you did, on Aug. 9, 1893, induce the said Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough to embark along with you, Alfred John Monson, in the said boat on the said date; or, on Aug. 10, 1893, you, Alfred John Monson, in execution of said design, did, in Ardlamont Bay, in the Firth of Clyde, while the said boat was in deep water, remove, or cause to be removed, the plug from said hole, and admit the water into and did sink the said boat, whereby the said Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough was thrown into the sea, and you, Alfred John Monson and Edward Sweeney, *alias* Davis, *alias* Scott, did thus attempt to murder him."



THE ROYAL HOTEL, TIGHNABRUAICH, OUTSIDE WHICH MONSON WAS ARRESTED.

The story told at the time was that the boat capsized against a rock, on to which Cecil managed to clamber, and remained, while Monson swam ashore and got another boat, in which he returned and brought his pupil ashore. One thing seems certain—the boy could not swim, and his tutor was well aware of the fact. Among the 210 pieces of

speechless evidence for use at the trial are the rowlock, a part of this boat, and a knife. Swiftly following upon this accident or incident came the catastrophe. Early on the morning of the 10th, Hambrough, Scott, and Monson went out rabbit shooting, though Scott did not carry a gun. Again I quote

from the "indication"—"That on Aug. 10, 1893, at a part of a wood, situated at about 360 yards, or thereby, in an easterly or north-easterly direction from Ardlamont House aforesaid, you, Alfred John Monson and Edward Sweeney, *alias* Davis, *alias* Scott, did shoot the said Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough and kill him, and did thus murder him." The time was about a few minutes before nine o'clock in the morning.

Of course, Monson and Scott came home with a very different account of the affair, and for a while their version of the shocking but apparently commonplace case of a careless sportsman shot through carrying his gun full-cocked was accepted by almost everyone. The parents were sent for by a carefully worded telegram. The Monsons showed signs of severe grief. Dr. McMillan reported that the affair was an accident. The body was brought to Ventnor and buried, and the funeral was attended by a large crowd of mourners, among whom were the father and Monson. Then strange rumours got about of large insurances on the lad's life, a curious matter of exchange of guns after the death was mentioned by the gamekeeper, and other matters, all small in themselves, came out. Dr. McMillan withdrew his report, inquiries were made, a conference was held between Mr. Sheriff-Substitute Shairp and the Crown counsel, and Mr. Monson was arrested. As to Scott, I will again quote the plain-speaking "indication"—"And you, Edward Sweeney, *alias* Davis, *alias* Scott, being conscious of your guilt in the premises, did abscond and flee from justice."

One cannot think of the affair without dwelling on this disappearance of Scott, for whom there is a "hue and cry" through the world. The



LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH'S BOAT, SHOWING THE PART CUT OUT FOR PRODUCTION IN COURT.

very word "Sweeney" is one famous in the records of crime, the two false names and in the "murder" notice the phrase "known in racing circles as 'Ted Davis,' or 'Long Ted,'" have a fascinating mystery. Why, one asks, should a "bookmaker, or bookmaker's clerk," have come down, at Mr. Monson's instance, as engineer to the steam-yacht, the *Alert*?

Why should he have disappeared and lain hidden if the affair were an accident? All the world has heard of the case by now, and knows how fearfully the absence of the man tells on the position of Mr. Monson. Why does he still conceal himself?

What has happened since the arrest of Mr. Monson is in some respects a mystery. As a writer in this paper observed very neatly last week, in Scotland they have a public prosecution and private inquiry, while we have public inquiries and private prosecution, so it is impossible to form a clear idea of the real strength of the case for the Crown. In one element it appears weak, for it seems that there will be no less than 110 witnesses for the Crown, and in the multitude of witnesses there is weakness; the list of "productions" reaches the number of 266, and contains some significant matter. The insurances that have been so greatly talked of play a prominent part, and it appears that during this and last year there were no less than seven proposals for insurance on the boy's life, amounting to £93,000. Of this, £58,000 was made nominally on behalf of Mrs. Monson, and £15,000 in the name of Mr. Monson. It is only fair to say that two proposals for £10,000 each were made to the Mutual Life Assurance Society of New York by young Hambrough within a week of his death, and it is said that they were not completed; from this appears an argument that it was against the interest of the accused man that the boy should have died on Aug. 10.



There is likely to be a contest on both chemical and medical grounds, inasmuch as the customary dispute whether the wound could have been caused by a discharge so close to the head, as must have been the case if it were accidental, on this occasion is to be complicated by a suggestion that the explosive used in the cartridge would not have the blackening and scorching effect that is usual in the case of ordinary gunpowder. Among the "productions" are parts of two trees—a beech and a rowan or

mountain ash—in which were found shot marks, which are alleged to show a spreading of the charge that could not have occurred in case of a discharge close to the victim.

Of course, there have been cynics who, adopting the maxim of "*Cherchez la femme*," have suggested that it is a case of a crime coming from jealousy, well or ill-founded; and others, more cruel still, who pretend that there ought to have been a third name in the "indication"; but, however strong the rumours may be, nothing has been published of a character to justify these suggestions, and, therefore, they may be put aside. Notwithstanding



A. J. MONSON.

ing this, they lend an air of romance to the many mysterious circumstances that surround this striking case.

The Crown, as might be expected, is represented by its foremost counsel, and the prisoner will have the services of a rising young advocate of the name of Wilson. After the able account given of Scotch criminal procedure in last week's *Sketch*, I need say nothing of the form of the trial, though I cannot avoid the remark that the joinder of the charge of attempted murder on one set of facts and murder on another in the same indictment is contrary to the ideas of English lawyers. It lets in a mass of matter on the murder trial that would otherwise be inadmissible, and consequently bears heavily on the accused, who might as a result be convicted from the force of two charges, neither of which taken alone would have been strong enough to condemn him. However, the Lord Justice Clerk, whose powerful countenance bears a striking resemblance to that of one of our ablest judges, Mr. Justice Mathew, will, no doubt, see that the prisoner is not unfairly prejudiced by this joinder, and the tremendous trial which will probably have begun just before this issue of *The Sketch* appears, not only will attract the attention of all the civilised world, but by its stern impartiality receive the admiration of the inhabitants of every foreign country.

Yet another complication to the Ardlamont mystery by an action which commenced on Dec. 7 at the Manchester Assizes. This was brought by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Reversionary Interest Company, Limited, against Mrs. Ann Day, of Bawtry, near Doncaster, to recover money on a deed. The defendant is Mrs. Monson's mother, and she denies the signature of a deed executed Sept. 19, 1890, securing a sum of £600 for the Monsons on Mrs. Monson's reversionary interest under her grandfather's will, for the interest of which Mrs. Day was claimed to be security. Monson's evidence, taken on commission, was read. E. F. S.

## THE PRESIDING JUDGE.

The Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, C.B., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who is presiding over the Monson trial, is well known to many members of the House of Commons, where he was a familiar figure on



Photo by N. D. Macdonald.

THE RIGHT HON. J. H. A. MACDONALD,  
LORD JUSTICE CLERK OF SCOTLAND.

"Scotch nights," answering questions and making brief speeches as Lord Advocate in the early part of Lord Salisbury's second Administration. He was very popular on account of his geniality, and when he left Westminster, on accepting the high legal position he now holds, its gaiety was decidedly eclipsed. He is a member of that comparatively

small but extremely earnest body, the "Irvingites"—or, to call them in their proper name, the "Catholic Apostolic Church"—and when he takes part in their services presents a fine and imposing appearance. He is popular in other walks of life outside "the legal," as Mr. Besant's "*Ferdinand Brambler*" termed it. His abilities as an engineer are great, and he might undoubtedly have won high honours in that profession. He is an enthusiastic Volunteer officer, and his friends of a martial turn consider that in the judge a general of great natural capacity has been wasted. He has the reputation of being not only a splendid authority on the criminal law, but a most just, upright, humane, and religious man. A good deal of confusion as to the correct title of the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, who, though he was called to the Bench in accordance with Scotch custom as Lord Kingsburgh, is still correctly described by the name under which he was known in the House of Commons, with the additional words "Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland." His successor in the office of Lord Advocate was Mr. James Patrick Bannerman Robertson, who had the reputation of being the swiftest speaker, as well as one of the most charming orators, at St. Stephen's. He is now Lord Justice General, and was recently elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University.

# MURDER WANTED,

On a Sheriff's warrant, for being concerned in the Alleged Murder of WINDSOR DUDLEY CECIL HAMBROUGH, at Ardlamont, Argyllshire, on the 10th August, 1893,

## EDWARD SWEENEY

Alias EDWARD DAVIS, alias EDWARD SCOTT,

Known in Racing Circles as

"TED DAVIS" or "LONG TED."

## DESCRIPTION.

Age about 30; height about 5 feet 10 inches, thin build, broad shoulders; complexion pale, inclined to be sallow; eyes, full, steel grey, high cheek bones, long thin face, sharp chin, dark wavy hair, brown moustache (may be shaven off); carries his shoulders well back, head slightly forward, suffers from asthma, has a habit of putting his right hand to his side when coughing, in delicate health; dresses well, and generally wears a low hard felt hat.

Is a Bookmakér or Bookmaker's Clerk, and recently resided in Sutherland Street, Pimlico, London.

Information to JAMES FRASER, Chief Constable, Lochgilphead, Argyllshire, Scotland, or at any Police Station.

(Signed) JAMES FRASER,  
Chief Constable,  
Lochgilphead.

Constabulary Office,  
Lochgilphead,  
November 6th, 1893.

T. FETTER & Co., Printers, 23, Finsbury Street, E.C.2, London.



## SMALL TALK.

During the past week the Queen received a succession of visitors at Windsor Castle, for there were considerable arrears of hospitality to be got through. To be bidden to the Castle is a thing intrigued for by many, and only those behind the scenes realise the contemptible cringing that people who ought to know better are guilty of in order to obtain the coveted "command." It is difficult to understand why any sane person should be willing to expend so much trouble for so very doubtful a pleasure. Beyond the fact of seeing one's name recorded in the Court news of all the morning papers, there can be little else to afford satisfaction. The ordinary visitor holds hardly any personal intercourse with the Queen, conversation with her Majesty being limited to the half-dozen words she addresses to each of her guests as she passes from the private apartments to the dining-room, and a sentence or two after dinner, when the Queen is on her way back to her own rooms. Conversation at dinner is almost entirely confined to the three or four "big people" that are certain to be present, and with them only literary, artistic, or scientific subjects are touched upon. In the morning the visitor leaves the Castle directly after breakfast, only Ministers and personal favourites being accorded a private audience to take leave of their royal hostess.

The Queen's Christmas royal baron of beef is this year to be cut from a beast bred by her Majesty at the Shaw Farm. The baron is always cooked at Windsor Castle and forwarded to Osborne on Christmas Eve, to be placed in the centre of the sideboard, flanked on either side by the boar's head and the famous woodcock pie. The boar's head is always sent as a present to the Queen by some of the royal relatives in Germany.

The Villa Palmieri, where the Queen will stay when she visits Florence next spring, was purchased by the late Lord Crawford from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whom it had been left by an Irish lady, who had for many years resided there. The villa is surrounded by the most beautiful gardens and grounds, and is situated on the well-known Fiesole road. The house itself was practically rebuilt by Lord Crawford, and since his death has been still further improved by the Dowager Lady Crawford.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will only have a family party, including the Duke and Duchess of Fife, at Sandringham this Christmas, but a certain number of the Marlborough House "inner set" go down for shooting next week. The Prince and Princess are to leave Sandringham for the season about Jan. 18, and, after visiting Windsor, in order to attend a memorial service on the anniversary of the Duke of Clarence's funeral, and staying for a few days at Osborne with the Queen, will go abroad for some time.

The student of oratory had a fine opportunity of contrasting the various styles as exhibited at the Jowett Memorial meeting the other day. First, there was the stately eloquence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, who is always worth listening to, because he has been trained to address the most critical assembly in the world. Mr. Peel makes use of few gestures, and rarely is at a loss for the right word, which is selected with a care which would win the admiration of Mr. Walter Pater. Then came the Marquis of Salisbury, as usual, adroitly turned towards the Press table, speaking slowly into his black beard, without raising his face once throughout an admirable eulogy of Dr. Jowett, which contained one reminiscence of the ex-Premier's scientific tastes in the use of the word "polarised" as applied to a bygone controversy. An absolute change in manner and method was presented by the succeeding speaker, the Lord Chancellor, who looked by far the brightest and least careworn of the men in the front row of the platform. Lord Herschell stands with his hands behind his back, not nervously twitching them, as the Speaker does, nor even gripping his coat as the Marquis does. The Keeper of the Queen's Conscience is fluent and pleasant to hear, and his remarks were condensed into eight minutes.

Then came the success of the afternoon. When the Speaker called out in his familiar tones "The Home Secretary" a good many people looked up with curiosity, and probably made their first acquaintance with the trim figure and keen, lawyer-like face of Mr. Asquith. He seemed quickly to measure exactly the acoustics of the theatre of London University. The speech had certainly five memorable sentences, spoken with an orator's appreciation of the situation. Mr. Asquith loves antithesis, and made use of this form more than once most effectively. Lord Salisbury quite woke up from his reverie, and applauded on the table with his right hand quite enthusiastically. The erect, though venerable, figure of Lord Coleridge, clad in a black Inverness, appeared on the platform, and soon the silvery tones of one who had been a contemporary of the late Master rang clearly through the room, his pathetic allusion to the fact that the severance of friends was all the more keenly felt by those whose hour of departure was at hand was delivered in a style which added to its deep impression. Lord Bowen, clear as a lawyer reading the terms of a will, next held the attention of the distinguished audience, and after him came the Bishop of London, whose sight seems, unfortunately, worse than ever; the veteran Dr. Martineau, Prince Svasti of Siam, Sir James Paget (now the most eloquent of our physicians), Mr. G. N. Curzon, Professor Caird (Dr. Jowett's successor), and others.

The Royal Society cannot always be looked upon as a variety show. "I don't mind being instructed, provided I'm a little bit amused"—so said Princess Mathilde. On Wednesday night Frederick Villiers did both. His Chicago show was amusing, and, what is more, one went away remembering something about the inter-ocean city. The Chicagoese are a pleasant people to those who like that particular form of nineteenth century foam and fungus. I faith, the words "Thank you" in a restaurant have but little value—mean no more to a waiter than "If you please." If you should say, "Please bring me such and such a thing," he will put his hand to his ear, and say, "How!" You repeat your politeness, and he will say "How!" again, until you are compelled to ape the vernacular of the country—*videlicet*: "Say, waiter, bring me some domestic duck with dressing—right here, see. Guess I'll take frillings with that thar duck—pickled beets, stewed tomatyoes and mush!" Frederick Villiers was at his best, which is always a very good best indeed. He wore no war-paint, but was in evening dress, with the decorations of eight campaigns. The war artist is looking a good deal better than he has done for some time past, possibly owing to his morning six-miles' walk into town when he does not happen to be sky-rocketing it through the provinces.

It was with genuine pleasure that at the Haymarket Theatre the other night I welcomed the return to the stage of that competent artiste, Miss Carlotta Addison. Who that is old enough to remember the palmy days of the little house off the Tottenham Court Road can forget her delightful impersonations of the youthful "instructress of youth" in Tom Robertson's "School"? I can see her now in her plain grey dress, with the jug—now one of her prized possessions—in her hand, going to fetch the milk, a charming figure; while her acting in the love scenes with handsome, but hapless, Harry Montague was as charming as her appearance. Miss Addison is a member of one of our theatrical families. Her father, Mr. E. P. Addison, one of the best Max Harkaways on the boards, was a sound actor of the old school, and her sister, Miss Fanny Addison (Mrs. Pitt), was as well known in the provinces as she herself in London some ten years or so ago.

Some new golf links have just been opened at Wanstead Park, about a mile from Snaresbrook Station on the Great Eastern Railway. Concerning old Wanstead House, which has now been demolished, there is an interesting allusion in Collier's "History of Essex." It was built near the site of the ancient mansion, in 1715, by the son of Sir Josiah Child, one of the merchant princes of London. In 1731 he was advanced to the dignity of an Earl, an Act of Parliament being passed three years afterwards to enable the family to assume the name of Tilney. The mansion was one of the most magnificent and richly furnished in the kingdom. The written description left of it conveys but a faint idea of what tradition reports of the lavish costliness with which it was adorned. It was built of Portland stone, with a very grand portico in the centre, supported by large Corinthian columns. The grand hall was 53 ft. long and 45 ft. wide. Wanstead House, which abounded with fine pictures and



Photo by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.  
WANSTEAD HOUSE.

statues," says the description, "is one of the noblest houses in England." This princely dwelling was often the resort of royal personages, and the Prince de Condé and others of the fugitive Bourbons dwelt here for some time in the early part of the present century. It is not surprising that already 125 members have joined a club which has links so easily accessible from London.

The influenza microbe is girding himself for another tussle with metropolitan humanity evidently, for the number of cases reported last week reads very alarmingly. "Medicos" now more than ever insist on the infectious quality of influenza, and recommend air and exercise as the most successful antidotes. Whole families are down with it in many parts of town, and legends of the *grippe* mortality in the Black Country at present give another sensational interest to that grimy debateable land, which seems to be ever in a state of unpicturesque unhappiness, brought on by its own blundering humour or the spite of the microbe.



Our country cousins who had journeyed up to Islington for the great Cattle Show occasion were received with an orthodox metropolitan fog on Monday morning, which filled the Agricultural Hall with its own peculiar gloom and chill, and somewhat took the edge off the bumpkin relish for towny delights. By mid-day, however, the weather had cheered up considerably, and when the Prince of Wales and other Royalties had put in an appearance the early afternoon sun shone merrily on a crowded and lusty gathering of men and competing "beasties," as I heard a Highland farmer call his prize heifer. Great excitement was felt during the judges' deliberations over the rival merits of a certain shorthorn steer from the royal manger and an amazingly fat heifer, the property of Mr. Fletcher, of Inverness. Both animals were splendid specimens of their breed, and, after considerable argument, Mr. Fletcher's Pride of the Highlands was declared winner of the hundred-guinea champion prize. Great hilarity obtained among the clansmen when this became known by her Majesty's fat steer being led off in reserve, while the "lady cow" obtained her well-merited decoration.

It must strike intelligent observers as very strange that in a little island like ours, and among a great maritime people like ourselves, the



Photo by Barrauds, Liverpool.

A YOUTHFUL SWIMMING CHAMPION.

art of swimming is not compulsorily taught by the State. The bright little fellow represented in the accompanying photograph is an example of what can be done by a child amateur in swimming. At the age of five years nine months he gained a gold medal for ornamental swimming at Liverpool, and he has since won a second honour for the same thing. As he is an amateur, I may not reveal his identity, beyond saying that he is probably the youngest swimming champion in England. A great deal might be said in favour of teaching children to swim, as, indeed, they do in certain savage states of nature. It is one

of those forms of education that is not only athletic, but is also extremely useful. Scarcely a week passes in which someone is not drowned under circumstances in which even a little knowledge of swimming would have practically ensured their safety. It is to be hoped that the teaching of the art will be paid far more attention to in the future than it has been in the past.

Interesting to many travellers who are acquainted with the Great Western Railway Company will be the notification just made of two changes in the *personnel*. Mr. W. A. Hart has been appointed superintendent of the combined Paddington and London divisions, and Mr. W. Rowed, who has acted as his assistant for several years, has been made station master at Paddington.

Of all the kindly and charitable work which is daily carried on in this big city—and the total, were it known, would be a respectable one—there is no struggling cause which more deserves a friendly fillip than the latest departure of the Police Court Mission for the Rescue of Vagrant Boys. A well-known magistrate, whose experience must be almost limitless, has told me this week that the amount of crime prevented by this mission can never be calculated. Boys brought up for a minor offence, who are repentant and willing to reform, are now, instead of being sent to prison, handed over to the Mission House in Bethnal Green Road. Here they are under jurisdiction of the magistrates, while saved the contamination of prison life. This home has just been opened at a cost of £500, but it will require money to be maintained, and those whose superfluous dimes weigh them down cannot better dispose of their ballast.

Who is it that has happily said "There is no snobbery like the snobbery of the middle classes"? Well, it is a fact. And a forcible case in point reminds me of the truism. A noble lord married a charming girl in his own station some days since. Next morning the papers duly recorded events, and a string of distinguished names, whose owners had attended the ceremony, appeared also. But Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So had been overlooked. This was hard after all the trouble about getting there. So, accordingly, on the following day a formal notice, duly paid for, no doubt, appeared in a high-class social daily to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So were among those who had been present at the marriage of Lord — on such a day. Could vulgarity go further?

My green and salad idea of tetanus as a complaint was that if, by an unfortunate combination of penknife and accident, one's hand got badly cut at the palm, lockjaw immediately followed the disturbance, and butter-scotch, not to mention macaroons, became eternal impossibilities. But there is an equally simple way of cultivating this most unpleasant complaint, and that is by using the old-fashioned remedy of applying cobwebs to wounds or scratches in the hope of stopping the flow of blood. Cobwebs certainly check hemorrhage, but the cure, as in several cases which have just come under my notice, is worse than the disease. Spider webs are commonly laden with dust, but, curiously enough, contain tetanus germs as well, and this is especially the case with garden spider webs, as the soil is known to contain a large percentage of these agreeable germs.

The golf stream (writes a correspondent) bids fair to cut out the venerable Gulf Stream as one of the attractions which lure people from England to live abroad. The Bay of St. Malo, which owes its splendid climate to the influence of the more ancient stream, is now coming under the spell of the newer wave. There are now two golf links in Brittany, for Paramé has followed Dinard and instituted new links. The Breton doesn't understand golf, but he appreciates all means of attracting English visitors. The English church, opened in June, was the first act of "Paramé as a pleasure resort"; the new links are the second.

I hear that some members of the English colony at Paramé gave a very successful amateur performance of "Drifted Apart," "Done on Both Sides," and "The Blind Beggars" at the St. Malo Casino on Thursday, Nov. 30. The entertainment was a great success. A great many French people came, and enjoyed the plays very much. The Casino was very kindly lent by the directors, and the English colony met with courteous and cordial support from the French inhabitants on all sides.

Once again, as has so often lately been the case, the "Forties" have furnished a leading statesman. M. Casimir-Perier, France's most recent Premier, who formed his new Cabinet in the dawn of Dec. 3, is forty-six years of age. His grandfather was Prime Minister under Louis Philippe, and his father was a politician of moderate ability, who occupied the post of Minister of the Interior twenty years ago, having the present Prime Minister as his secretary. The latter had received a decoration for bravery on the battle-field three years previously. It had been expected that M. Casimir-Perier would decline a position in the Government, reserving himself for the more exalted office of President of the Republic, for which he would have been undoubtedly a strong candidate. His Cabinet is a strong one, containing as it does reputable



M. JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER, THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

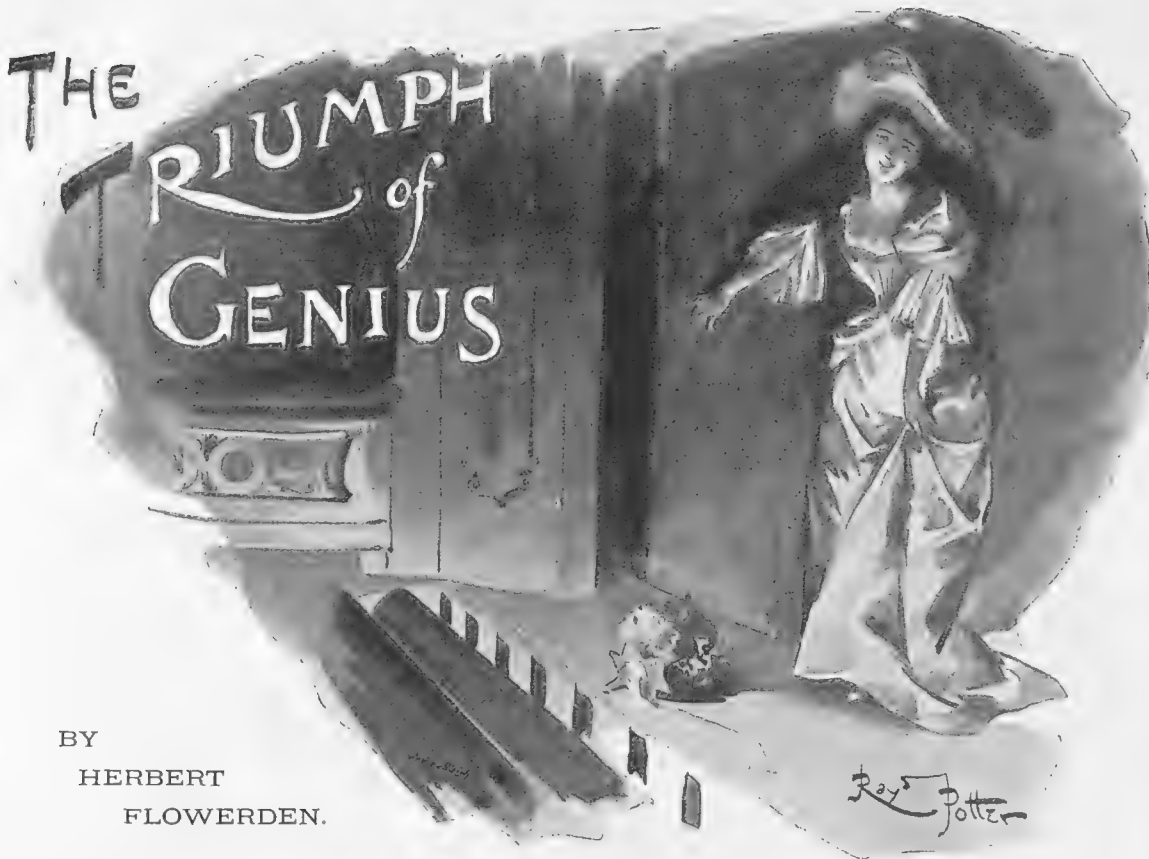
statesmen like MM. Spuller, Mercier, Raynal, and Burdeau, who have all had experience which ought to prove valuable at the present juncture in affairs. There is a general feeling of relief at M. Casimir-Perier's acceptance of office, and it is to be hoped—if only for the sake of journalists, who have a difficulty in following the kaleidoscopic changes in the French Premierships—that a stable state of politics will ensue.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE TRIUMPH of GENIUS

BY  
HERBERT  
FLOWERDEN.



the actor went on, good-humouredly. "You are certainly doing no sweeping."

"Yes, but I have a broom," said the urchin promptly, in a tone that made the simple remark laughable.

Halliday condescended to smile. The boy interested him more and more.

"What is it you want?" he asked.

"Well, 'Amlet, since you are so good as to ask, I want one pound seventeen shillings and sixpence," he replied promptly; "but if you give ready money down, I'll knock off the odd tanner, as I've got tuppence towards *that* already myself."

Halliday raised his eyebrows.

"You want enough, my boy," he said. "What is this one pound seventeen shillings and the odd tanner wanted for?"

The urchin's face changed instantly.

"It's for my sister, Sir," he said, with tears in his voice. "She's dyin', Sir—our Sal is—with a gallivantin' consumpshun, and the doctor says she's ter have all sorts of good things, and nobody but me ter get 'em for 'er; and only two bloomin' browns I've made, Sir, all the bloomin' morning; and I've totted up all wot the things would cost—the port wine and the jellies and that, and one quid seventeen and a tanner is the figger, Sir, and 'ow am I to get it?"

The poor boy seemed to say it all in a breath, and ended in a whine of misery that was very affecting and sounded genuine.

The actor was touched. "Where do you live?" he said.

"'Ello! 'Amlet, give us a copper."

Vernon Halliday, the well-known actor-manager of the Avon Theatre, was walking away from his stage-door deep in meditation. He had been wading through his correspondence, and it generally saddened him. The actor was a kind and sympathetic man, and it pained him to have to nip so many bright hopes in the bud as necessity compelled him to do. Men who had written plays which were "sure of success," girls who were certain that they would rival Ellen Terry if once they were given an opportunity of displaying their powers, all addressed themselves to Vernon Halliday with more or less confidence, and although he returned the same answer to each—that his duties allowed him no leisure for the examination of perfectly untried talent—still, the regret he was polite enough to express was generally a real feeling with him, especially in the case of the ambitious girls whose path to theatrical success was bound to be so infinitely less easy than they imagined.

The request of the perky young crossing-sweeper roused him from his reverie.

"Why do you call me Hamlet?" he asked, turning round. It was a tribute to his fame that such a *gamin* should know him by the name of his most famous impersonation.

The boy was not abashed by the sudden question. "Oh, I ain't responsible. It's wot yer calls yerself," he said in an injured tone.

Halliday laughed, threw him a sixpence, and turned away.

But the sweeper called after him, "'Ere, 'Amlet, stop a minnit."

"Well, haven't I given you plenty?" said the actor, good-naturedly. The boy amused him, and he examined him more closely. His managerial eyes were always on the look-out for "human documents," and it struck him that the boy would not make a bad copy if the character of a crossing-sweeper should ever be wanted on the stage of the Avon. The barefooted urchin was certainly very dirty and very ragged, but both dirt and rags were of a picturesque description, and rendered him more interesting than repulsive. His sharp, clear voice, with its strongly marked Cockney accent, too, was just the voice that would "take" on the stage.

"You do not deserve anything,"



"'Amlet, you're a stunner!" he said, dancing an impromptu step-dance on the pavement.



"In Parker's Rents, Sir, turning out of the Lane."

"Drury Lane?"

The boy nodded, and rubbed his ragged sleeve across his eyes.

Vernon Halliday meditated for a minute. The Avon Theatre, behind which he was standing, is not more than twenty minutes' walk from Drury Lane, and the actor had a spare hour before him.

"I will come and see this sister of yours," he said, "and if your story is true I will see that Sal has the port wine and jellies."

The sweeper dried his eyes instantly. His face beamed with pleasure.

"Amlet, you're a stunner!" he said, dancing an impromptu step dance on the pavement. "Sal'll be jolly glad to see a feller-artiss. She used ter was a dresser at the Elephant and Castle. I'll just run on and get 'er tidied up ter see yer."

"And how shall I find the house?" asked Halliday.

"Easy enough, if yer go up the Lane," said the boy. "No. 7, Parker's Rents, and ask for Toby Bowser. I'm sorry I 'aven't got my card-case with me."

The actor copied the name and address into his pocket-book.

"Run along, Toby; I sha'n't be long after you," he said, and when the boy darted away at a run the famous actor returned to the theatre, to leave most of his portable property there for safety's sake, and then sauntered in a leisurely way in the direction of Drury Lane.

Parker's Rents, a row of miserable tenements near the top of the Lane, was easy to find, and Vernon Halliday paused at the open door of No. 7, and addressed himself to a very stout and slovenly-looking old woman who blocked up the whole doorway.

"Can you tell me whether a Toby Bowser lives here?" he asked.

The woman looked as if she were about to fall on his neck.

"Shure an' it's my own 'Thoby yer 'ommer's ashking afther," she said, in a voice that more than suggested both Ireland and intoxication. "An' is it yer 'onner," she went on fluently, "that's afther providing for the whants of my pore sick child?"

Halliday nodded.

"But you are not the boy's mother?" he asked, wondering at the difference between her Irish and Toby's pure Cockney.

Mrs. Bowser felt herself insulted, and seemed inclined to become abusive. "What right had he to say the boy was not her son," she inquired hotly, "when she had married his own father?"

"Oh, a step-child!" said Halliday, satisfied, at which remark the old lady was more enraged than ever. People began to collect at windows and doors, attracted by her vituperation.

"Come, let me go inside and see the girl," said the actor, rattling some coins suggestively in his pocket.

"Shure and ye sha'n't," cried the Irishwoman; but she allowed the actor to pass by her as she spoke. She followed him, speaking less aggressively.

"Indade, Sorr, an' ye can't see her at prisint," she said; "his riverence is with her, sayin' prayers over her, an' he said nobody should go in till he was done. Will ye come into my pharlour an' wait?"

The actor waited, and followed her into a miserable room on the fourth floor, smiling at its designation.

"Shure an' Oi'll be tellin' his riverence that ye're waitin'," said the old lady, and left him in the semi-darkness of the "parlour," while she wobbled up the creaking stairs to the top floor.

She did not return, and Halliday was getting tired of waiting, when a far different step was heard, and a young Church of England curate came down. He called in to speak to the actor.

"This is very kind of you, Sir, to come and see these poor people," he said in a high-toned clerical voice. "Toby tells me that you are Mr. Vernon Halliday, of the Avon Theatre. I am glad to see the Stage combining with the Church in good works like this."

Halliday made an ordinary reply, and asked if he was to go upstairs.

"I believe they would rather you waited a little," answered the curate. "Toby will call you when the girl is ready to see you. She is very pleased by your visit."

After a little more talk the curate departed, closing the door behind him. The actor, who was surprised at the act, opened it almost immediately, and thought he heard the sound of somebody going hurriedly up the stairs.

He thought nothing of the fact, however, until at last, after another irritating delay, he was called from above by the welcome voice of his friend the crossing-sweeper. He found then that the stairs led only to one garret.

The steps he had heard must belong to some other person visiting the sick girl. Halliday had jumped to the conclusion when the crossing-sweeper first mentioned his sick sister that the two lived alone together. To find so many people gathered round her irritated him, he did not know why. He was surprised, too, to find that the sweeper himself had taken no notice of his arrival, but had kept studiously out of the way. He was not even waiting for him at the top of the stairs, but had apparently re-entered the garret and closed the door behind him.

Halliday pushed it open, expecting to find at least three people gathered round the sick girl's bed. He had drawn a mental picture of the scene—the girl propped up on pillows, with a faint white smile of welcome, the ragged urchin crying, perhaps, the hideous old woman drunkenly bending over her step-daughter.

When he pushed open the door, therefore, he started back with an ejaculation of surprise, and then hastened to utter an apology. He must



*He started back with an ejaculation of surprise, and then hastened to utter an apology.*

have entered the wrong room, and still there was no other door to be seen but this one opening from the stairs. He hesitated, completely puzzled, in the open doorway: for the room in which he found himself was a plain, barely-furnished one, with certainly no bed to be seen anywhere. The two or three mirrors on the walls and a little dressing-table under the skylight, covered with powder-puffs, brushes, combs, and cardboard boxes, reminded him rather of an actor's dressing-room, and in front of one of the mirrors was a well-dressed and good-looking young lady, giving a final pat to a stray curl of her short-cut hair. Not a sign was there of Toby Bowser, his mother, or the sick sister. Halliday looked round for them in utter perplexity. There must be some other exit to the room, surely, through which they had passed.

But exit there did not appear to be. It is true that a curtain hung across one corner of the garret, but there was plainly not room to huddle three people behind it.

Having mumbled his apology to the young lady at the glass, the actor would have retired in utter perplexity, but the girl came towards him with a smile on her pretty face, and held out her hand.

"Please come in, Mr. Halliday. I am so glad you have come. Please sit down and let us talk."

Her face seemed familiar to him.

"Talk about what?" he asked feebly.



"About your new play, of course," said the lady. "I want you to give me a good character part in it."

Halliday thought he must be dreaming.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I came here to see a poor girl in a decline. Is she not here?"

In reply the young lady swept aside the curtain and showed only another young lady, very like herself, who was folding up quite a serious array of clothes.

"This is my sister," she said. "Come, Elsie, and help me apologise."

The clothes suggested a dim suspicion to the poor actor-manager.

"Surely this is not all a trick to get me here so that you can ask me for an engagement?" he gasped.

"I am afraid it is," said the first young lady demurely.

"But the boy, how did you get him to do his part?" he asked. "And where is he?"

The lady pointed to herself.

"I'm the cove, 'Amlet," she said in the Cockney accents he remembered so well.

"But the mother, the drunken Irishwoman?"

"Shure an' it's meself, yer 'onner."

"And the curate is a friend, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Halliday—my best."

"Not yourself again?"

"Yes; I hope you don't feel very angry, or it is all up with my ambition to be an actress. I wrote to you a little while ago: you may remember the letter from Alice Grey. I boldly asked you to give me an audience and see me act. You replied that it was impossible to examine perfectly untried talent, and kindly added that if I was really an actress my only way of showing it was to give a *matinée* at a West-End theatre at my own expense. This little ruse seemed to me cheaper, entailing only the rent of these wretched rooms. Of course, it would have been wasted if you had not been generous enough to answer to my heart-breaking appeal in the person of Toby. How do you like Toby, by-the-way?"

"It was a splendid piece of character acting," said Halliday, unreservedly.

"And you will give me a part? Not a wretched little part in which nobody could distinguish themselves, but a real chance of showing the world that I can act."

Halliday smiled at her ambitious enthusiasm.

"Shall you be able to begin rehearsing next week if I send you your words this evening?" he said.

And that is how Alice Grey, the great actress, gained her first footing on the stage.

### HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Truly, the fates seem to conspire to advertise the lively piece now running at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Hardly has the memory of the first prohibition become fainter than a fresh alteration "by order" is announced, and the unreverend chaplain is to become a scheming doctor, in obedience, as it is whispered, to the suggestions of a great personage. For further gratuitous advertisement, a discussion on stage clerics has been started in the *Standard*, which may develop into something amusing, though I doubt it. They manage these things better in the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Standard* should retain a couple of minor poets to write a few impassioned columns every other day. At present we merely have clergymen writing to state that they think clergymen ought not to be made fun of, which is perfectly natural, but does not greatly advance the discussion. We wish to be interested as well as corrected by a newspaper discussion.

To stage a clergyman is most improper;  
The *Standard* says so, and it must be true:  
Its moral influence should put a stopper  
On all that seems cerulean in hue.  
Was ever so much virtue for a copper?  
How much that noble journal tries to do  
To chasten and reform the erring stage—  
For assignations, see the outside page.

The question of bringing a clergyman or minister of any denomination on the stage is one which cannot be settled off-hand by the cleric, who would prohibit such presentation if not absolutely favourable, or by the dramatist, who would allow himself unbounded liberty of choice and treatment. To exclude any large and important class of men from being dramatically presented is to do no good either to the class or to the drama. Ministers of religion, after all, are men, and as men they display amusing characteristics which may be fit food for satire or comic acting. Most of us have known clergymen who would be richly funny if translated to the stage. Are we to be robbed of such persons because the ministry is a sacred profession?

On the other hand, a clergyman is invested professionally with a certain grave and serious character; if, therefore, he is represented as frivolous, vulgar, worldly, mercenary, or simply idiotic, no doubt the incongruity of the character and its consequent comicality are greater than if a mere layman were taken. Similarly, the dignity attached to the notions of a king and a magistrate is the *raison d'être* of the innumerable comic potentates and the fairly numerous comic judges who have been presented on the boards, without a murmur from the personages of the *Almanach de Gotha* or the Court of Appeal. But the cleric has a religious character attached to him, which, in theory—never mind about the practice—is indelible, and so to present him in a ridiculous light, however possible and natural, seems to many people a satire upon holy things, and an assault upon "the Church," which some persons regard as meaning the clergy.

There is always the danger either of fostering irreverence on the one side, or of yielding to exaggerated pretensions on the other. I do not see why the Incorporated Law Society might not protest against the villainous solicitor of the melodrama, and the House of Lords against the brainless peer of the comic opera, as justly as the clergy against some presentations of comic clerics. In that case, where are we to stop? Dramatists sometimes present an army officer as a comic coward. Are they, therefore, to be precluded from making fun of military personages? Yet, if they show a worldly clergyman, we are at once told that they are decrying a sacred profession. Probably there are more worldly clergymen than cowardly officers in existence in England—on the hypothesis most favourable to the clergy—and cowardice in an officer is accounted far more disgraceful than worldliness in a cleric; yet, we do not hear an outcry that dramatists are slandering the army, or charging its members with cowardice.

It is a complete fallacy to assume that a comic presentation of a clergyman on the stage is meant for a satire on "the cloth." It only becomes such if the traits of character satirised are those common to the profession, or a large part of it. If a parson is shown as taking a deep interest in matters behind the scenes, that is not a satire on the clergy; nobody supposes that any but a few eccentric clergymen are so inclined, and most serious clerics would be glad to see such ways discountenanced by satire. Again, when could satire be more wholesome and better deserved than if a dramatist should ridicule the mania for self-advertisement now prevailing among a certain class of ministers of religion? Why not touch, with a light hand, the solemn folly of such as rush wildly into discussion on complex economic subjects, and lay down the law in matters of whose very elements they are avowedly ignorant? Why should the "popular" preacher be held more sacred than the still more "popular" pill-vendor, whose methods he at times imitates?

At the same time, it is well that a check should be put on the tendency to introduce a clergyman into a farce merely because his solemn character adds zest to the rough-and-tumble fun in which he is involved. One doubts whether such a practice will do much to bring the clergy into contempt, for that person must be very rudimentary who will despise all persons in long black coats and little white ties because he has seen a person so attired ballooned about the stage. Still, if there be no good dramatic reason for bringing in a clergyman, it is needless, and, therefore, possibly in bad taste, to introduce him. But if the clergyman completes the dramatic picture, and if his clerical character is of importance in the development of story and character, then, why not have him in? There is no necessity to be profane or to bring in sacred things. The clergy are men, and some of them in "off hours" atone for their professional gravity by a peculiarly irresponsible, though generally harmless, frivolity. I do not see why the dramatist is called on to have more respect for "the cloth" than that fabric has for itself, and, except in specially offensive cases, I do not see why the licensing authorities should step in. They are in some danger of coming to be regarded as an ordinary advertising medium.

MARMITON.

An exhibition to illustrate the history, progress, and life of Glasgow from the earliest time to about the middle of the present century is to be held in the galleries of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts during July, August, and September of the coming year. The exhibition will include portraits of Glasgow worthies and views of the city; old printed books, &c.; charters and manuscripts, domestic articles, models, documents, &c., bearing on the University, the schools, and the churches; and, generally, as many exhibits as possible to illustrate the past social life and manners and the industrial progress of the city.

SOME "MOROCCO BOUNDERS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.*



SQUIRE HIGGINS (MR. CHARLES DANBY) AND SPOOFAH BEY (MR. JOHN L. SHINE).



SQUIRE HIGGINS, SPOOFAH BEY, AND THE HON. ETHEL SPORTINGTON (MISS MAGGIE ROBERTS).



SQUIRE HIGGINS AND SPOOFAH BEY.



SQUIRE HIGGINS AND SPOOFAH BEY.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## V.—MR. FLETCHER AND THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

In the ordinary run of things a newspaper editor is supposed to lose his hair or his chair—sometimes both.

In the case of Mr. Alfred Ewen Fletcher, as I noted with quite a Sherlock Holmes avidity, the draconic law has been thwarted. He sets a new tune here, as he has done in some larger matters pertaining to



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. A. E. FLETCHER, EDITOR OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

English journalism. True, he has whitened like hoar-frost on the side of a heather hill on a spring morning. But it is the hair of other people that has been made to fly—in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*.

"Something by way of autobiographical confession, since there is ever a cream of interest in the personal note." Thus I opened to Mr. Fletcher with my interviewer's bill of fare. He turned half round in his big chair; he rubbed his spectacles, and squared them on his nose; he ran his hand over his brow; he glanced tenderly into a pipe, so democratic as hardly to out-swagger an Irish duceen—all characteristic actions, and now each a mute appeal. No use. The net so often sent out to snare copy from many another celebrity had come home to roost.

"Well," he admitted, giving in with an excellent grace, "I was born in Lincolnshire, on the borders of the Wash, a county sometimes spoken of as a swamp, but which we who know it call a garden. Kingsley has said truly that there is an air of boundless freedom about the Fens. He might have added that there is an independence of character among the people, in some measure due to the fact that there are no great resident landlords. Pedigree? No; happily, my family has none."

"Did your early training, your education, make for journalism in any respect?"

"I was born among tradesmen and farmers, and had no link whatever connecting me with the work I was afterwards to engage in. My father, who was fairly well-to-do, gave me a good education. From school in Lincolnshire I went to school in Birmingham, and then to Owens College, where I was a pupil of Professor A. J. Scott, the great friend of Frederic Denison Maurice. My education ended with a full four years' course at Edinburgh University. Aytoun in the chair of English Literature, Pillans in the Humanity chair, and John Stuart Blackie in the seat of Greek learning were some of my professors. In Blackie's class we got everything but Greek. I was among the privileged few invited to Blackie's breakfasts, and very interesting they were. Altogether, during my four years' residence in Edinburgh I formed some of the most valuable friendships of my life. I might add that while at Owens College and while at Edinburgh my views as to myself were somewhat unsettled. I had revolted against my family's desire that I should go

into commerce. Then, for a time, I thought of entering the Congregational ministry, but that idea passed away. I was not to 'wag my head in a poopit,' as the Scotch saying is. In the result, on leaving Edinburgh University, I took to teaching."

"Your teaching experience was, I believe, merely a bridge between the University and newspaper work?"

"Yes, that would about describe it. My first teaching appointment was as an assistant teacher in a private school at Westbourne Park. In Edinburgh I had written poems—think of that!—for the old *Caledonian Mercury*, and for some time I continued the diversion. Some of my verse appeared in a paper called *Happy Hours* and in a monthly magazine called *London*. The latter, I regret to say, closed its career in death during the period of my effusions. Very probably I was—in part, at all events—its executioner. Whether or not, I was about this time offered the editorship of a paper in Barrow-in-Furness—a paper called *Vulcan*, independent, and, I regret to say, a little Jingoish in politics (I was a very young man then), but loyally espousing the Labour cause, an opponent of the ducal interest—Devonshire and Buccleuch—then so strong in that part. At the General Election of 1874 *Vulcan* was bought by the Tory party, and I immediately left. I was approached to take the editorship of the *Barrow Daily Times*, but I could not do that, having edited an organ practically in opposition to it on the Labour Question. A desire to come to London and try my luck in London journalism now became a determination. Mr. John Morrison Davidson, at the time London correspondent of the old Edinburgh *Daily Review*, happened to be at Barrow-in-Furness. He mentioned as one of the most brilliant Pressmen in London the late Robert Wilson. It struck me that very probably this was my old college friend of Edinburgh, 'Bob' Wilson. A note to him proved it so."

"It was, I take it, largely on his encouragement and advice that you did come to London?"

"Yes; he told me it was a dangerous thing to advise a man to come to London. Nevertheless, if I did come, he thought I should be able to get a footing. Mr. Wilson gave me some work to do in connection with a serial, 'Great Industries,' he was editing for Cassell's. He also introduced me to Mr. Whelan Boyle, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and I went and saw the great man. 'Applicants seven deep, and no vacancy or the prospect of one,' was his reply to me. 'But if you'll send me an article I'll look at it.' I recollect John Ruskin was lying ill, and I wrote an article on Ruskin and his work. It was not used; but Mr. Boyle sent for me, and said there was a place on the sub-editorial staff I might have. By-and-by I became a leader-writer, and outside, having given considerable attention to educational questions, I wrote for the *Educational Times*, the organ of the College of Preceptors. This led to my being engaged by Sonnenschein and Co. to edit their 'Cyclopædia of Education.'"

"I think I have almost brought you to the dividing line between the old *Daily Chronicle* and the new, if I may so put it?"

"Although in these days we had strong men like Robert Wilson—he joined us from the *Telegraph*—and Edward Dicey on the paper, it was rather a newspaper than a power as well as a newspaper. My views and the editor's did not agree on all political questions, and after the *Chronicle* committed itself to Unionism I ceased to write on the Irish Question. It was the intention of the late Mr. Lloyd, although he took entire exception to the removal of the Irish Members from Westminster, to make the paper thoroughly independent, with Liberal leanings. When the Liberal Leader, accepting the national verdict, declared the Irish Members should be retained, we had, of course, no hesitation in supporting him."

"You had, had you not, six months of the editorship without being absolutely editor?"

"Yes; the trying position of having the responsibility without the control. On Mr. Whelan Boyle's death I was invited to discharge the



MR. FLETCHER'S COTTAGE AT BENFLEET.

duties of editor temporarily. I don't think it was the original intention of the late Mr. Lloyd to give me the appointment. However, we were so successful during the six months' interregnum that in appointing me at

the end of that time the present proprietors carried out what, probably, Mr. Lloyd had, before he died, practically decided upon."

"Perhaps I have cross-examined you biographically with an undue tenacity. You will find it a relief to tell me the reasons—as you best can tell them—for the all-admitted remarkable success of the *Chronicle* under your régime."

"First, our success is due to the fact that we are on a sound commercial basis, and to the enterprise, the look-aheadness, the sincere democratic

whose sympathies are with the masses, and who have loyally co-operated with me? A prominent feature with us, as you are aware, is the Parliamentary article, 'House and Lobby,' written by my colleague and assistant-editor, Mr. H. W. Massingham, one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of journalists."

"I should like from you one or two general reflections on the editing of a great daily. Don't you find it trying, exhausting?"

"I don't know that I do. I daresay I should did I not take the precaution to go out of town whenever I can on Saturdays. At times, especially when there is a great deal of correspondence, the work is the reverse of easy. The other day I had no fewer than 830 letters by one post, so correspondents should not be surprised if they do not always get an answer."

"Most men have their recreations, their relaxations; what are yours? Do you cycle? do you fish? do you—forgive me—still indulge that early and amiable weakness for poetry?"

"No to all three. But I'm a bit of an amateur agriculturist. I have a little place of about thirty acres, situated on the Essex uplands at Benfleet, near Southend, and commanding a fine view of the Thames estuary. How do I find agriculture? Certainly a cure for depression of spirits, and I don't think I lose much by my small operations. This year I have been very successful in fruit; two large orchards have paid fairly well. The arable land has not been a success owing to the failure of crops as a result of the dry season."

"The inevitable question, the summing-up question on this talk—do you think the Press is a great influence in the nation?"

"Undoubtedly. If an article is well written it must have an influence; yet I am not one of those who imagine the world is governed by newspapers. God forbid! Neither is it governed by Sovereigns and statesmen, as Lord Beaconsfield would have us believe. It is governed by forces in the calculation of which Sovereigns and statesmen make as many mistakes as editors do. I think the chief function of a newspaper—a newspaper being always something beyond and above a mere political organ—is to afford such information and such comment upon it as will assist in the adequate estimation of these mysterious forces, and thus help in the formation of a healthy public opinion."

Several times, as I knew, Mr. Fletcher has lectured on public subjects in London and the country—a speaker, they say, with a fine realness of touch and a true gift of eloquence. Editors who can speak worth a doit being so rare, I naturally was curious to know whether the House of Commons and Mr. Fletcher might not hope to meet some day.

"Oh, yes," and the query was evidently wholly unexpected, "I have delivered a few lectures; but, you see, I haven't much time to prepare or give addresses."

There he stopped; that duceen—dash it!—had gone out. J. M.



Photo by T. Fall, Baker Street, W.

MR. FRANK LLOYD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

sympathies of our managing director, Mr. Frank Lloyd, and his three brothers, all intimately associated with him in the management. Mr. Frank Lloyd recognised the importance of having his instruments for producing the paper perfect. Hence we were able to anticipate all the other London morning papers with the new Hoe machine, ours being the first introduced in England. We got the start with the first ten-page paper, the extra sheet involving an enormous outlay, for which we have every reason to expect we shall reap our reward in due course. Then we spare no expense in getting the best news and the best comment on news, and both at the earliest moment. Mr. Frank Lloyd never restricts me in the matter of outlay for securing anything of real importance to the public."

"That is the *Chronicle* from the inside; what of the outside, the readers' point of view?"

"Every seven years or so we get a new generation of readers, sent forth by the elementary schools with new ideas and new aspirations. It has always been my object to bear this in mind, and I put down a considerable part of our success to the fact that we have tried and succeeded in getting hold of new readers. I was convinced that there were other questions besides politics in which the mass of the people were deeply interested—interested in literature, unless twenty years' working of the Education Act had been a ghastly failure; genuinely interested in literature, if the evidence of the enormous number of books published by Paternoster Row and Covent Garden meant anything. Again, take social and industrial questions, religious movements; take the trade organisations, take the churches, take whatever makes for the everyday life of the people; take all these, and how could one hold that they were anything but of the greatest moment, the prime interest? Such views, I might point out, have been vindicated as well by some remarkable public correspondence in our columns as by material success. I have tried to get hold of the thinkers as well as the workers, and if you capture them, you know, as I think we are doing, you can leave the idle and frivolous classes to be prayed for by their friends."

"Humanness, the reflection of whatever pertains to the well-being of the masses, that is your platform as an editor?"

"Well, if you like to express it so. Need I say that I could not have carried out my ideas unless I had about me a staff of able men



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. H. W. MASSINGHAM, ASSISTANT-EDITOR.



## MISS MILLIE HYLTON AT HOME.

What a wonderful charm there is about a smile (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) when it divides the lips in exuberant happiness and makes the eyes dance with fun and joy! It is a gift distinctly born, not to be



Photo by H. Reed, Tottenham Court Road, W.

MISS HYLTON AS A SHIPMATE.

acquired, and one possessed evidently by Miss Millie Hylton as she steps on to the stage as Don Juan and receives thunders of applause, emphasised by the rapturous plaudits of the gallery. And it is a recognition which the whilom favourite of the music-halls is apparently not loth to acknowledge by the way she rakes the ranks aloft with the battery of her eyes, which, in their blue tint, resemble her sister's, Miss Letty Lind. Nor was I disillusioned when I met Miss Millie Hylton next morning in her luxurious home, where flowers on every side spoke as eloquently of rural tastes as the order and arrangement of the domestic properties did of her well-deserved character for neatness and tidiness. Her sister did the honours of welcome till they were seconded by Miss Hylton herself.

"I need scarcely ask if you are satisfied with the Press notices and your general reception, especially for those fetching songs, 'Comme ça' and 'Linger longer, Loo,'" I remarked as I seated myself.

"No, indeed; nothing could have been kinder. I am deeply grateful to everyone for the welcome I have received to the London stage in a leading part, and to the 'send-off' of my brother and sister artistes of the music-halls, who sent me, you may like to know, the most charming bouquet on the opening night at the Gaiety."

"Well, you see, for one thing, you brought a great reputation with you; besides, the distinction between the music-hall and the theatre is now scarcely a step—one is half-sister to the other. Now, tell me how long has it taken you to climb so high?"

"Only seven years, and the time has passed so quickly, because so pleasantly, that I can scarcely realise the fact that I am now 'principal boy' and playing the title-*role* at the most famous London theatre for burlesque."

"Now, it would be interesting to know when you put your foot on the first rung of the ladder?"

"Do you mean when, as a little girl, I represented the minute-hand of a clock—not that I was a little girl then, but a little boy, indeed? It's only once during my career that I have ever appeared in petticoats, and that was as 'Ma Jeannette,' when I sang a song so named at the halls."

"Ah, so you appeared as a child as a minute-hand? Now, that accounts for the admirable virtue of punctuality with which your friends credit you—a quality particularly noticeable from its rarity among your sex, and still more so among the members of your profession."

"It's owing to our bringing up, I fear. Did you ever see a clock in a theatre?" she asked, with an arch glance which everyone will understand who has had experience of the weary waits at rehearsals.

"You were not an infant prodigy, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no! I was only credited with a good speaking voice—which I'm told I've not lost—and after that first appearance I was packed off to an ordinary secular school. When I did 'come out'—not socially, but professionally—it was in a small part, under Mrs. Saker, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. My second engagement was important, because fraught with consequences. I had been playing second boy under Mr. James Rogers's management, at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, as the 'Genii of the Ring,' in the pantomime of 'Aladdin,' when Mr. George Edwardes gave me a three-years' engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, through my singing, I believe it was, of a Tyrolean song. It was a song Jenny Hill had given me leave to sing, and her kindness and encouragement I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging."

"Ah! what an artiste she is, and what an El Dorado in reminiscence for the interviewer she makes! But pardon me for interrupting."

"I opened in the part of Captain of the Hussars in 'Monte Cristo,' which I played for some time; but the part gave me no opportunity whatever, and I asked Mr. Edwardes to release me from my three-years' engagement, which he did."

"And since then?"

"Since then I have pretty well stuck to the halls, and have made



Photo by H. Reed, Tottenham Court Road, W.

SINGING "MA JEANNETTE."



MISS HYLTON AS DON JUAN, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



some mark with songs such as 'As in a Looking-Glass.' I daresay you remember the lines—

Sewing and stitching the whole day long,  
Weary and famished, and far from strong;  
Feebly she 's singing an old-time song—  
To hide bitter tears, alas!  
True woman, true mother, and true wife;  
Few are her pleasures, and great her strife;  
Pure, true, unselfish, we read her life—  
As in a looking-glass.

Then there were 'Dick Turpin,' 'The Ladies' School,' 'Shipmates,' 'Woman,' 'The Rowdy Dowdy Boys'—a special favourite—with the chorus—

Then I say, boys, who 's for a jolly spree?  
Rum-tum, tiddley-um, who 'll have a drink with me?  
Fond of a glass or two, fond of a row and noise;  
Hi! hi! clear the way for the Rowdy Dowdy Boys.

Also 'Ma Jeannette,' just giving you the names of the most popular songs. And, besides, two years ago, I played Dick Whittington at the Grand, at Islington. The previous year I took princely rank under Mrs. Nye Chart at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, in 'Cinderella.'

"You don't make a specialty of dancing, I think?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"But you make a very good show in 'Don Juan' in that direction?"

"That's amiably said. However, the putting together of the dance was kindly shown me by Mr. Eugene Stratton."

"And have you been across the 'great drink,' as most artistes have been?"

"I have, and I am not likely to forget it. I have twice visited the United States, having spent twelve and fifteen weeks respectively there, singing in Tony Pastor's Theatre in New York, and in the chief cities of the States."

"And in what character is this photograph I have here?" I asked as I held up that of a "masher up-to-date" from a number before me.

"Oh, that is as Lord Clanside in 'In Town,' which I lately played in the provinces, for which I was specially engaged by Mr. George Edwardes for an eight-weeks' tour. When in Edinburgh I particularly had every reason to be pleased with my reception. We had such a glorious time in Scotland, what with picnics and cricket matches, and among my trophies of conquest I hold few dearer than the cricket bat which the 'boys' presented to me on the stage at the theatre one evening."

"Well, Miss Hylton, you have still the world like a ball at your feet, and can make whatever innings you please at the Gaiety. I expect your 'runs' will mount up to three figures at least; one never knows what will occur in these big cities."

THE RELIGION OF A 'BUS DRIVER.

Oh! the roads they was kivered with ice, they was,  
The roads they was slippy as glawss;  
Me, I were drivin' a Putney bus,  
Jim, 'e were drivin' a awss;  
Bill, 'e were drivin' a 'ansome cab,  
'Ighly painted in blue and drab,  
With a frettin' stepper as wouldn't storp  
To let the people pawss.

Bill 'ad a fare was a clinkin' fare,  
An' a ginorous man was 'e;  
Hevery dye Bill drove 'im down  
To the Manshing 'Ouse, E.C.  
Spinnin' along just in front of the Grand,  
Bill's 'igh-stepper she couldn't stand,  
So down she set, and she bust the shafts,  
And she busted the fare, did she.

Me, I were tikin' the Putney 'bus  
A-smilin' down Ludgate 'Ill—  
On greasy dyces you cawn't pull up  
As smawt as you otherwise will.  
Silly old jösser! 'e tries to cross,  
Blunders inter my near-side 'orse,  
Over 'e rolls, and we irons 'im smooth—  
And I'm out of a box-seat still.

If Jim 'ad gone 'eels-over-'ead with his moke—  
And mokes can come down when they chooze—  
'E wouldn't 'ave busted a ginorous fare,  
Nor bin falsely convicted fur booze;  
Or if 'e'd run over a silly old gent  
(Sime as I did in my awxident)  
Jim wouldn't never 'ave lost 'is plice,  
'Cos 'e 'adn't no plice to lose.

The roads they was kivered with ice, they was,  
The asfalt wor orful, it wor;  
But Jim comes keerless down Mile End Road  
With 'is small little moke afore.  
Up 'e drives inter Camden Town,  
And the small little moke she never come down.  
So Bill's all right with 'is barrer of greens—  
And I don't go to chipul no more. BARRY PAIX.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES AND THEIR COST.

Christmas will be here before we know where we are, and if any of our readers intend giving a Christmas party it is high time they began to think about it. Rich people have probably given parties of every kind, and want no help from me. There are, however, thousands of thorough gentle people with very limited means who would like the children home for the holidays to have a party, but fear the expense. A case in point suggested this article. One evening, when dining quietly with a friend, I asked why she did not give a small dance in the holidays. The way the eldest girl's face lit up with delight at the bare idea was sufficient reward for my bold venture. Her mother, however, thought it quite out of the question for three reasons: (1) Sibyl was not quite seventeen and a-half, and would not "come out" until May; (2) The expense was too great; (3) The younger ones would want another party. I admitted that a grown-up dance would not quite do for a girl more or less in the schoolroom, but a children's party, with only a few young ones, would solve every difficulty. To this the mother, to whom trouble is nothing where the children's pleasure is concerned, readily consented, especially as Hugh's friends, who will then be home from Cambridge, could also be asked to a mixed party. A list of twelve girls, varying in age from sixteen to eighteen, and a corresponding number of young men, was quickly made out. The total number, including the home party, was only fifty-five; to this twenty grown-up people were added, whom it seemed a good opportunity to ask informally. The next point to be decided was where they were to dance. In this instance the dining-room seemed best, for much trouble to few servants would be saved if china, little tables, &c., could be left where they were in the drawing-room, and a Turkey carpet is easily rolled up. Luckily, too, the children practised in the dining-room, so there was a piano, without the trouble of moving one downstairs. "But what music shall we have?" said my friend, "if it is really to cost so little?" "Oh!" I replied, "it is quite easy to get a lady to play the whole evening for a small sum."

Before I left it was settled that the refreshments were to consist of sandwiches of all kinds, jelly, creams, trifles, cakes, claret cup and sherry, lemonade, tea and coffee, and ices.

The next step was to "get father's consent." This was no difficult matter; but here I will venture to give one little hint. Before a busy man, especially a literary one, is asked if his house may be thus invaded, make out your plan, and do not breathe a word until all is cut and dried, the list of guests, the exact cost, &c. Otherwise he may think everything will be turned upside down, or imagine a failure from lack of means "to do the thing properly." Does anyone say, "How about the cost?" For the number of children just quoted (fifty) and twenty grown-up people, I answer, "About £4." I will give details later on, and will now say a word about a Christmas party with amateur theatricals, which can also, of course, be combined with a dance where trouble is no object, but it is rather difficult with a small establishment to have three rooms more or less upset. At the same time, amateur theatricals have one advantage that a dance has not—amusement is provided for a week or a fortnight of the holidays, and the cost of footlights, play-books, and wigs is much the same as music for the dance. Of course, the play must be chosen before long, the date of the party fixed, the parts apportioned, and last, but not least, a manager chosen from the home party or friends who may be acting. Curtains, dresses, &c., should be looked out at once. There are amusing pieces like "The Duchess of Bayswater," "A Scrap of Paper," &c. I will now give the quantities for both parties. They are the result of practical experience, and can, therefore, I think, be relied upon.

CHRISTMAS PARTY OF FIFTY-FIVE CHILDREN AND TWENTY GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

	s. d.		s. d.
2 Large pots of potted lobster	3 0	3 lb. of coffee, at 2s. 2d.	1 7½
2 Large pots of potted beef	2 0	2 lb. of sugar, at 3d.	0 6
2 Large pots of potted tongue	3 0	Cream	3 0
2 lb. of lean ham, grated	1 10	4 Jugs of lemonade	2 9
* 7 2-lb. box loaves for sandwiches	1 9	2 lb. of cake, at 1s. per lb.	2 0
1 lb. of butter for sandwiches	1 6	Music	1 10
3 Moulds of wine jelly	4 6	Extra help in the kitchen previous day	2 6
3 Moulds of orange jelly	3 0	1 dozen flags for sandwiches	0 6
2 Lemon sponges	2 0	5 qts. cream (home-made)	10 0
2 Dozen small mince pies	2 0		
2 Victoria creams	3 0		
1 Trifle	3 6		
2 Dishes of apricots (tinned) and whipped cream	2 6	Theatricals, add five play-books	2 6
2 Dozen fancy 2d. cakes, at 1s. 6d. per dozen	3 0	Hire of wig	1 0
2 dozen fancy 1d. cakes, at 8d. per dozen	1 4	Hire of footlights	5 0
1 lb. of Savoy biscuits	1 4	75 Programmes	5 0
2 Bottles of claret	3 0	Joiner for temporary raised dais in small drawing-room	7 0
1 Bottle of sherry	2 6		
3 lb. of tea, at 3s. 6d.	1 9		
		Deduct £1 1s. for music	1 10
			£4 9 7½

\* Cut each round into two three-cornered sandwiches.

Ices, wine, tea, cake, and sandwiches for seventy-five, £1 14s., omitting sweets and musician.

SUPPER FOR ONE HUNDRED AT A DANCE.

	s. d.		s. d.
4 Couple of fowls (roast and boiled)	18 0	2 Victoria creams	3 0
2 Couple of fowls for three mayonnaise of chicken	8 0	2 Trifles	6 6
Sauce for ditto	1 0	2 Dishes of meringues	2 0
3 Mayonnaise of fish (sole)	10 9	2 Lemon sponges	2 0
6 Lobster salads (a lobster to each)	10 6	4 Creams	8 0
8 Aspics of shrimp and lobster	18 0	Genoise pastry	3 0
2 Game pies	18 0	Mince pies	2 0
1 Boned turkey	14 0	13 Quarts of beef-tea (13 lb. beef)	8 8
1 Ham	13 6		
1 Galantine of veal (made of breast of veal)	7 6		
6 lb. of corned beef	5 6	TEA.	£9 18 5
3 Brace of pheasants	15 0	3 lb. of Russian tea, at 3s. 8d.	1 10
2 Dressed crabs	2 6	1 lb. of sugar	0 3
3 Cold rabbit curries	5 0	1 lb. of coffee	2 2
2 Cold chicken shapes	6 0	Cream	3 0
4 Moulds of wine jelly	6 0	2 lb. of cake, at 1s.	1 0
4 Moulds of orange jelly	4 0	2 lb. of biscuits, at 1s. 6d.	3 0
			£10 9 8



MISS CISSY LOFTUS AS HAIDEE IN "DON JUAN," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



## GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.\*

A host of books in all their bravery of bright covers and with coloured plates and pictures galore load every editor's table at this season of the year. A few words about some of them may be useful to intending purchasers in the genial form of generous uncles, aunts, grand-parents, god-parents, not to mention mere fathers and mothers.

"Golden Hours" is the first volume we select. The great attraction for little people in this smartly bound magazine will, no doubt, be found in



its endless and most original coloured illustrations. The pages abound in charming situations calculated to uplift the hearts of all and sundry between two and ten, while the literature dips successfully into witch cauldrons, elfish revels, or undreamt of depths of fancy in natural history, with unvarying joy to the youthful reader and satisfaction even to the maturity of the lesser "teens."

"Peeps into Paradise" keeps the promise of its title bravely, and contains within its highly ornamental limits a veritable Christmas



hamper full of all sorts of sweet and dainty morsels. A feature of Messrs. Dean's nursery-books are the "painting pages," wherein a prettily coloured picture occupies half a page, its duplicate in line

drawing appearing on the other. This is, of course, to be filled in with colour by little daubers, and offers endless possibilities of occasional quietude to friends and rapture to the operating artists.

"Children's Favourite Tales" comes next. Here we have pillars of nursery state rendered still more gorgeously, if possible, than of yore—Cinderella, as fine as cobalt and carmine can make her; Puss-in-Boots, with several new tricks and attractions carefully conned over; the Sleeping Beauty, more slumberous and fascinating than ever, and, lastly, a quaint up-to-date version of Mother Hubbard, with the added attraction of this old, old story as it was told and painted in 1793. Just a hundred years, and yet the wonderful dog is as young as ever. Of the other toy-books, perhaps the Venetian Blind series will appeal most to the young imagination, for here we find transformation scenes the most sudden and astonishing as each page is turned. By the simple process of pulling a cardboard section cats disappear, to give place to mice, Italy is exchanged for Timbuctoo, and similar improbabilities occur before one's bewildered faculties. "The Modern Strewelpeter" is a capital shillingsworth—less alarming than his German prototype, certainly.

"A B C" toy-books abound in such numbers that there should not be an unalphabetized infant left in the land by New Year's Day. Some wee plays, written for infantile actors by Miss Julia Corner, are worthy of note, and there are other sixpenny and shilling temptations by the score which should convert the nursery into a happy hunting-ground of general knowledge wherever they appear.

A good many will enjoy Lady Herbert's "Memoir of a Cat." Women take as naturally to writing about cats as men do dogs when the



legendary afflatus descends on them in the guise of zoological composition. In this memoir of a pampered tabby Lady Herbert does her feline devoirs with pretty naturalness, and some illustrations supplied by the Baroness Agnes de Tui'll bring Tabby before us in delightful realism. Mrs. Clayton Adams has a pretty talent for versification, as shown in a catty legend, and Mrs. Campbell's quaint version of "Hi-diddle, diddle" completes a very acceptable and seasonable little volume.

"The Nine Lives of Mr. Thomas Puss Cat," another of this series, is amusing, but a little vulgar. "Rose Morton," by L. Drury, is a quaint and kindly tale written to elevate and interest, which should be the aim of those who play the gardener to that easily placed tendril, the young idea. Beginning as a small tradesman's daughter and ending in the unambitious security of young lady's-maidism, Rose Morton is still an interesting and exemplary item of girlhood. The authoress will probably spread her wings presently and in exercising them grow stronger.

We borrow illustrations from "Our Jack" and "The Earth's Christmas Dress," both of which books are interesting. In fact, youngsters have no ground for complaint against Messrs. Dean in respect to their well-known tastes for amusing and instructive literature, adorned with pretty illustrations. There are many other books, to enumerate which would require more space than we can afford.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The latest etching produced by Mr. J. Pennell must rank among the very finest works of that remarkable artist. Only Mr. Pennell would have dreamed of selecting the point of vantage from which to take his subject, the top of Notre Dame at Paris. Immediately fronting you on your direct left, and in the full prominence of the picture, is one of those hideous gargoyles in the fashioning of which the artists of the Middle Ages had so curious a pre-eminence. And nothing could so give you the sense of height as this solitary and high-perched neighbour.

Away down in the town the eye receives a marvellous impression of a bird's-eye view, not the bird's-eye view of a photograph, but with detail wonderfully subdued in the light, and falling into perfect picturesqueness plane by plane. From the centre rises a high, square Gothic tower; but in comparison to the height from which you are gazing the building seems small, and the panorama stretches with its minute completion right to the distant horizon. Mr. Pennell has accomplished two things in this etching: he has produced a very beautiful work of art, and he has conveyed an impression of height and breadth that is not short of being very remarkable.

Slowly and surely the treasures, historic and artistic, of the British Museum accumulate. The latest acquisition which the Museum will very shortly possess will be casts of the rock sculptures at Persepolis, said to illustrate the history of the Persian kings from the time of Darius down to that of Artaxerxes Ochus. These casts include a monument some 25 ft. high by over 9 ft. wide, and representing, probably, no less a person than Xerxes seated upon a canopied throne. There is a frieze of some 50 ft. long by 4 ft. in height, which represents a deputation bearing presents to the king. The customary subjects of lion-slaying, soldiers in every possible fighting attitude, and the rest are also represented. From the moulds some twenty sets of casts will be taken; the mould will then be destroyed, and, after the first set has been placed in the British Museum, the remaining nineteen sets will be offered for sale to other museums.

The Glasgow Art Club appears to enjoy a singularly flourishing existence. At the recent annual meeting of members the report furnished by the council recorded a large increase of membership and the acquisition of new premises. The income apparently amounted to something over £1683, and since the expenditure is reckoned at something over £1388 10s., after writing off a depreciation of 5 per cent., there remains a surplus of over £231 10s. It was natural that, with such a hand to show, the report and the balance-sheet were promptly



LOADING THE MARKET CART.—W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, New Bond Street, W.



A UTRECHT PASTORAL.—J. CRAIG ANNAN.  
Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.



and unanimously adopted. It would hardly interest our readers to chronicle the dry list of names which make up the new officers in both the artistic and the lay sections.

A writer in the current issue of *Macmillan's Magazine* has been inquiring into the connection which there may or may not be between the art of painting and the art of music. In other words, can a musician, by his art, paint a landscape in sound? The question, we confess, reminds us of that irrelevant inquiry which Boswell addressed to Johnson, "What would you do, Sir, if you found yourself locked up alone in a tower with a baby?" And, in truth, the question seems rather to concern the art of music than the art of painting, since it seems clear that a painter cannot really paint a sonata, although by a vicious interchange of language we permit such expressions in regard to painting as harmony and symphony and tone.

The decoration of public places with artistic and appropriate ornament is a matter devoutly to be desired, and the announcement that

convincing. After all, to paint the sun is the most difficult of all achievements. White, pure white, is the most luminous resource at the painter's hands, and how subtle a sense of relation the artist must possess in order to produce the grand illusion of luminousness must be evident on the slightest consideration. And Mr. Rimington has not that sense of relation as subtly as we should desire.

When Mr. Rimington comes to interiors he is again at his best. The deep tones of church interiors, with their rich, intense, dark effects, are in his easy mastery. And we find his accomplishment in this regard altogether commendable.

Should an event be mellowed by time in order to get its due proportion in history before the artist touch it? How often it happens that a picture is painted on a subject that is of the most passing interest, and loses much of its original value, as a piece of history at least. The capture of the town of Sontay, in Tonquin, by the French ten years ago was thought of sufficient interest to be painted for the



SONTAY : 16 DÉCEMBRE, 1883, CINQ HEURES DU SOIR.—E. COURBOIN.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

the Royal Exchange, which a few days ago was supplied with electricity, is shortly to be additionally distinguished by frescoes and panels will be welcome to all. Sir Frederick Leighton, for example, has promised to supply one. Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., has been commissioned to produce another, and it is hoped that finally the whole Exchange will be adorned with appropriate and artistic work.

Few societies could do more towards advancing the reputations of particular and deserving artists than the Fine Art Society, which is ever alert to bring forward, from time to time, the claims of such painters. The exhibition which at present decorates the walls of the society's rooms consists of a hundred and more drawings of Spanish architecture and Spanish scenery by Mr. A. W. Rimington. On the whole, we admire Mr. Rimington's outdoor work when it is less like Spain and more like England in its climate. In quiet atmospheric effects he is nearly altogether charming, subduing and harmonising his colours, and producing a final result that is both refined and pleasing.

When he essays the brilliant sunlight of the south of Spain, with its blinding effects of contrast and its intense colour, Mr. Rimington is less

recent Salon. The town was held by the Black Flags, as the followers of Li-Hung-Chang, an able leader of the Canton rebels, were called. Just thirty years ago he took refuge in Tonquin, where, after being tolerated for a time by the Emperor of Annam, he ultimately established an independent despotic government. He was a bitter enemy of the French, who attacked the Black Flags in Sontay on Dec. 16, 1883—just ten years ago. The Black Flags retired, but not before the French had lost 77 men, while 231 were wounded.

Mr. Swynnerton's fountain is admitted by all who may be considered to possess a responsible judgment to have great beauty of form and accomplishment. It is a novel and lovely idea to twine the human form thus beautifully in line, making a completion out of singly beautiful and organic construction. We generally acknowledge, and with truth, that the human form in nudity and in perfect proportion is a lovely and desirable object; its lines are graceful and slow, and its outline has a gradual beauty which is not to be observed among the common works of nature. That such a form should be mingled with a kind of compound effect is, as in Mr. Swynnerton's work is undoubtedly the case, a beautiful conception, and, let it be added, has been beautifully achieved.



A FOUNTAIN.—J. W. SWYNNERTON.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "Q.'S" TALES FROM TROY TOWN.\*

I was reading the other day a very elaborate study upon "Q." and all his works, in which some Meissonier of review fell to discuss and to analyse those particularly original gifts which have earned for this author such high place and undoubted fame. If I do not misjudge him, the essayist had some little difficulty in locating "Q.," who, perhaps, more than any other writer of the day, is entitled to a special altar in the Temple of Literature. Lacking Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's sustained power of pure narrative, being behind him in that deep artistic impulse which avails itself of the antiquity of word and phrase with such masterly felicity, he has yet an instinct for characterisation, a feeling for the minutiae of life and for the simplicity of peoples which Mr. Thomas Hardy alone shares with him in our day. He is the apostle of Tregarriek, as the other is the chief priest of Casterbridge. He finds history in the kitchens and tradition in the pitch of caves. The Duchy of granite, schorl, and felspar-porphry is his country, in which nothing that is human or material is alien to him. He needs no wings of Pindar for his flight about the land of fair rivers and stony plains, since he has eyes that see and ears that hear where the mere maker of guide-books is both blind and deaf. And if in the preface to this fine achievement, which he calls "The Delectable Duchy," he smites hip and thigh the journalist who did Troy Town in twenty-four hours, and then had nothing more to learn about her, we are glad of the cynicism, for it lets us gaze a moment into his own mind, and echo an "Amen" to his petition, "O my country, if I keep your secrets, keep for me your heart."

Looking over these felicitous short stories for the second time, I do not know that there is any one I would sooner pause at than the tale entitled "The Paupers." It is the story of two old people giving up the struggle of housekeeping and going into the workhouse. Old Jan Trueman has been married fifty years, but after the death of his daughter he and his good wife turn to the "House" as a haven from the stress of the village seas, and their friends are welcomed to a banquet "for old sake's sake." Only this, yet with what exquisite pathos is it told. You might as well hope to play the overture to "Tanhäuser" on the piano as to convey "Q.'s" spirit in a few lines of review. Harken to this description of the old pauper's welcome to his guests—

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Jan Trueman was plain to see, in clean linen and his Sunday suit, standing in the doorway, and welcoming his guests.

"Come ye in—come ye in, good friends," he called as they approached. "There's cold bekkon, an' cold sheep's liver, an' Dutch cheese, besides bread, an' a thimbleful o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

The guests troop in, and the old woman, whose lips twitch nervously, waits on them as they enjoy the gin-and-water, "a little addition beyond experience," and listen to the anecdote of old Miss Scantlebury, who went to the workhouse in a carriage and pair of greys, because she had longed to ride in a bridal chariot all her life. Despite such generosity of fare and reminiscence, the feast is a poor one for the chief actors in it, and when the moment comes for them finally to take different roads in the descent of life they are both husky of voice and parched of throat.

Jan cleared his throat, much as if he had to make a public speech.

"Maria," he began, in an unnatural voice, "we're bound for to part; and I can truly swear on leaving ye that—"

"—That for two-score year and twelve it's never entered your head to consider whether I've made 'ee a good wife or a bad. Kiss me, my old man; for I tell 'ee I wouldn't ha' wished it other. An' thank 'ee for trying to make that speech. What did it feel like?"

"Why, 't rather reminded me o' the time when I offered 'ee marriage."

"It reminded me o' that, too. Come 'st along."

But "Q." is nothing if not changeable in his moods. You have scarcely recovered from that state aptly described by a youngster as being one "when your throat will not go down" before you are laughing loudly with him over the grotesque predicament of the good St. Piran, or making merry in the porch of some village ale-house. Yet he will not let you rest; and, hurrying you through the fire of a tremendous tragedy in "Love of Naomi," he drags you out before you have well felt the flame to a banquet of seasoned frivolity and pathos, under the title "Silhouettes." The second of these is the most unvarnished thing possible. Make your scene at Gantick village in the dusk; put a churchyard with a cottage giving on to it in the foreground; conjure

a flageolet-player from France and a Cornishwoman who thinks that she will make a fortune in London by her powers with a shadowgraph, and you *petite comédie* is on the way. The flautist is starving, long gone in hunger. "These Cornishmen," he says, "are pigs all. There is not a Cornishman that is not a big pig." For lack of supper he sleeps in the church porch, and awakes at the fall of night to see strange shapes and figures, elephants and fairies, sailors and dancing girls upon the cottage blind. The widow is practising against her appearance at a London music-hall. But the flageolet-player is an artiste too. Though the humour of the good dame's ambition moves him to hysterical laughter, he will yet get amusement and supper from it.

"Oh, oh, oh! Quick, Madame! Dance your pretty figures while yet I laugh and before I curse. O stars and planets, look down on this mad world and help me play! And oh, Monsieur, your pardon if I laugh, for that either you or I are mad is a cocksure. Dance, Madame!"

The players play, the figures dance, the wandering artiste gets his mouthful of bread and cold bacon, and goes out into the night. Here is the seed; but, as in the other story, you must read to harvest with "Q." No words from another can transcribe faithfully the luminous beauty of the setting to the gem. You seem to breathe the very atmosphere of the Duchy. The cypresses make music above your head, the odour of flowers is borne to you on the night wind, the apple-blossom is foaming

as a sea, the bed of a plank seat in the church porch is hard even to your back. Here, truly, is a Daudet working in English fields. No old folk ever sketched by the creator of *Tartarin* are more human than these folk wandering among the fuchsias and the larches of the remoter West. There is finish in the picture even to the very stones that lie before the cottage doors—the finish of the master-hand, the glowing colour from the palate of one who is a master of colour. And all commingled in the sweeping embrace of the many-sided art, tragedy kisses comedy, and is pressed upon by the touch of romance, only that she shall make room for the salutation of a new-comer, who is neither tragedy nor comedy, but life tricked out in all the simpleness of plain song and plain story, the essence of an observing man's observation and of a student's study.

I have pointed out two stories which appealed to me especially in this volume, but I am bound to admit that any preference is unjust where the general level both of matter and of form is so excellent. Many readers, perhaps, will make choice of the fragment "The Drawn Blind" before any other tale in the generous list. It is a grim episode, turning about the arrival of a Crown Court and a Nisi Prius judge at the town of Tregarriek. As the judges pass the Packhorse Inn, a very old woman passes quickly up the street before them, enters a dingy house next door to the watchmaker's, and vanishes, only to reappear a moment

later at her window and to pull down her blind. Years ago this old erone's handsome and accomplished son was hanged for forgery. The day of the trial, believing that by no possibility could such a one be guilty, she spread a great feast for him in that very parlour. When night came and the boy had not returned, she lit dips upon the table and the mantel-shelf, and made the place gay as a banqueting-hall. Anon they told her that the boy was condemned, and very silently she blew out the candles one by one and pulled down the blind. From that day, through her long life, she never heard that judges were in the town but she hurried to her room to do as she had done in the superb crisis of her solitary existence.

This is the apotheosis of simple tragedy. There is much as good as it in "Q.'s" book, and much that is better and more praiseworthy than anything he has yet given us in any shape. "The Delectable Duchy" must take high rank among the books of the season. M. P.

## "THE BOHEMIAN."

The first volume of "The Bohemian" (32, New Inn Chambers, W.C.) is a capital example of collective cleverness. There is nothing conventional about its three hundred pages from beginning to end. The subjects of the monographs are well chosen, and the portraits which accompany these bright articles are first class. Mr. Frank L. Emanuel is especially successful with Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. J. M. Barrie. "Prejudiced Paragraphs" contains a good many really humorous ideas, for which one must be sincerely grateful, and there are some thoroughly readable articles and stories in the book.



Photo by W. Heath and Co., Plymouth.  
MR. QUILLER COUCH.

\* "The Delectable Duchy: Short Stories and Sketches." By "Q." London: Cassell and Co.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Wot sort of a stone do yer call that as yer've got in yer ring, 'Arriet?"  
 "Well! Dunnow. But my chap says as 'e thinks as it's a 'Ammersmith,"





COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS: THE WARRIOR, PAST AND PRESENT.



THE LADIES OF THE EAST ARE DISCARDING THEIR NATIVE INSTRUMENT (THE CONCERTINA) FOR THE MORE ARISTOCRATIC ONE OF THE WEST.

DRAWN BY LASCELLES.





*The lady who will ride horses that she cannot manage.*



*The farmer who refuses to allow you over his ground.*



*The man who invariably heads the fox.*



*The man who sticks in a gateway with a kicking horse.*



*The man who is "awfully sorry, but couldn't hold his horse."*

PEOPLE WE COULD DISPENSE WITH IN THE HUNTING FIELD.



A FOGGY NIGHT.

DRAWN BY FRED HALL.



## MDLLE. VANDA ADLER.

When Signorina Pollini went to Russia, the other day, her place at the Alhambra was taken by an artiste new to the British public, and said to be the youngest *première danseuse* on the stage. The critics were unanimous in their praise of the new-comer, and the audiences were



MDLLE. VANDA ADLER, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

enchanted with the graceful dancing of the young girl, who held the attention completely enchained from the first moment when she entered, her *spirituelle* little face framed in the rose-coloured hood which appertains to *Fidelia*. Reports reached me that the new *Fidelia* was something quite out of the common—a young girl of noble family, who had taken to the stage owing to a sudden change of fortune—and I determined to pay a visit to Mdlle. Vanda Adler, having procured an introduction through a mutual friend.

Nothing could be more utterly unlike the traditional idea of the *première danseuse* than the appearance of the young girl who came in, fresh from rehearsal, in her large hat and long, neutral-tinted cloak. No ornaments, no rouge, her hair dressed in a neat and becoming style, with a few locks falling on the forehead, her pretty dress of mauve and white delaine looking exquisitely fresh and dainty. Her large eyelids give a slightly pensive expression to her pale oval face, yet her lips smiled sweetly as she seated herself and folded her hands, and listened patiently to my string of questions. Her profession might have been possibly divined by the peculiar erectness of her figure, otherwise her delicate face and serious aspect would have led you to believe that Mdlle. Adler had spent all her life in a boudoir. "Flower-like" is the word that best describes Vanda Adler, and one might even go a step further and call her a hothouse flower.

"Tell me a little about yourself, Mdlle. Adler. They tell me you are the youngest *première danseuse* on the stage. Is that so?"

"Yes, I am very young for a *première danseuse*: I am only twenty-one. I was born in Paris in May 1872. Very few dancers attain the position of *première danseuse* before twenty-seven. I am young yet; of course, I shall improve very much as I go on, and I hope I shall become a celebrity."

"You are French, Mademoiselle? I heard you were Polish."

"I was born in Paris, but my family is of Polish extraction. A Polish family—*noble*" (using the French pronunciation of the word, and with a little inflection of pathos in the voice), "but my father lost his money through some troubles on the Bourse, and it was necessary I should earn my living."

"Is Adler your real name, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes; it is 'Der Adler' by rights. I had several sisters; they were all educated and their *dot* was safe, but I, I had no *dot*, and there was no money for my education. It was necessary I should work."

"And what decided you to take up dancing?"

"I should have preferred to take up music, Madame; the piano is what I like best, but at the Conservatoire Impériale de Varsovie, in Poland, where I studied, one had to pay for music, but the dancing lessons were free. So I went to the Conservatoire at the age of eight, and studied for ten years under M. Mendez. I worked hard, and made

good progress, for I have good dispositions for dancing. At eighteen I made my *début* at the Imperial Theatre at Warsaw as *première danseuse* in the ballet of 'Gizelle.' I danced there for seven months, and then went to Paris, where I studied dancing for two years under Madame Santaville, of the Opéra de Paris. I then got an engagement as *première danseuse* at a theatre in Marseilles, and afterwards occupied the same position at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie at Brussels, where I got beautiful notices from the Press. I danced in many important ballets, in 'La Juive,' 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Faust,' and 'La Favorite.' And I have danced to the music of Grieg. It was charming, Madame."

"And why did you come to London, Mademoiselle?"

"To study. You know, in the ballet one must always study: one must never stop. I came to London to take lessons from Madame Cormaini, of the Alhambra, and one day, while I was taking my lesson, the *directeur* came in, and after he had watched for a little time he asked me if I would take the part of *Fidelia* in the ballet. I was engaged for three months straight off. The audience at the Alhambra is not so enthusiastic as the foreign ones, but I am looking forward very much to my next engagement—you know I am at present engaged by Sir Augustus Harris."

"Will you tell me a little about the life of a dancer? It is popularly supposed to be a very pleasant one."

"It is a very hard one, Madame. The public has no idea what hard work it is. One must practise every morning at least two hours, for if one did not practise in the morning one could not dance at night. You have no idea of the fatigue of stage dancing. A singer may tire her throat, or an actress her voice: in dancing every part is used, the head, the back, the limbs, and the fatigue must necessarily be great. If one practises too much one's nails actually bleed, one has wounds on one's feet from overwork, yet one must smile all the same! It is not so easy, Madame. Then the strain on the memory is great. Actresses have a prompter, but we have nothing to go by. It must be all in the head. Then one must be careful in one's diet, almost like men when they are training. One must not dine before dancing, and one must always avoid bread, potatoes, and such things. Underdone beefsteak is the proper

Photo by Naudin, High Street, Kensington, W.  
DANCING.

food for a dancer," continues this fairy-like person, "and one must not walk at all. That tires the legs. One would often like a walk in the fresh air, but one must ride wherever one goes."

"I am afraid you must find London rather *triste*. And do you have no amusements? Do you go to the play sometimes?"

"I go sometimes to a *matinée* on a Saturday. It is my only day, you know. I go to see a play now and then, but I do not go to see a ballet. I know too well what that costs."

And here Mdlle. Vanda Adler gives a little sigh, and takes leave of her interviewer before wending her way to the theatre to perform her nightly task.

L. H. A.

## MORE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

From our Parisian contemporary, *L'Illustration*, we have a pretty Christmas number, consistently devoted to pictures connected with Noël. The coloured plates are most delicately tinted in a way which, so far,



THE REV. STAGGLES: "I'm a great believer in Stokes's system of committing things to memory. For instance, the mental picture of a policeman in flames would suggest the name of Bobbie Burns."

BROWN: "Or Robert Browning."

From "*Phil May's Winter Annual*," (Haddon.)

English magazines have not excelled. The double-page, entitled "*Aux Halles Centrales, après le Réveillon*," is a very clever character-study by Georges Scott. M. François Coppée tells, with all the charm of his style, the story of "*Le Bon Crime*." The only portion of *L'Illustration* which, in our view, fails in effect is the over-eccentric wrapper.

The presentation plate of *Vanity Fair*, which will probably find a place on many a senator's walls, is the humorous work of Mr. Leslie Ward, who, under the signature of "Spy," so often depicts in *Vanity Fair* certain of its more prominent pilgrims. A writer not long ago said that the Parliamentary session in the summer of '93 will go down to history as the "Tea-on-the-Terrace" session; "Spy" has wisely seized for the *locale* of his cartoon this portion of the Palace of Westminster. Here he has given us life-like portraits of the "Ayes" of the House—languid Mr. Balfour, with *pince-nez* the feature of his face, Sir Richard Temple, Sir John E. Gorst, and the Messrs. Chamberlain (*père et fils*)—all equipped with single eye-glasses. The "Noes" are Sir William Harcourt, for the first time kindly treated by a caricaturist as regards corpulency; Mr. Mundella, genial as ever, in his summery attire, to whom placidly conversing is Mr. Justin McCarthy, "the very man for a tea-meeting," as one of his colleagues described the Irish leader. We congratulate Mr. Ward on a first-rate topical picture. The literary contents of the supplement include tales by aristocratic writers like Lady Fairlie Cuninghame, Lady Colin Campbell, and the Earl of Desart.

*Heath and Home* starts well with an admirable reproduction of a group of dogs by Miss Fanny Moody. Why dogs should nearly always be portrayed in Christmas presentation plates might be a good subject for readers of *Notes and Queries*. A story by John Strange

Winter has the awkward title of "*The One-er*," and there are many other short tales by various writers. The number makes a decidedly good sixpennyworth.

Mr. Dudley Hardy, whose output this year of artistic work is as extraordinary as the high level to which it all attains, has designed for the *Queen Christmas* number a capital wrapper. After one has passed the wealth of advertisement pages which preface the literary contents, there is much to admire—stories by John Strange Winter, Frances Gribble, and others, not to speak of a "Warning to Stage-Struck Girls," by Mr. Clement Scott, and a dissertation on "Country Clergymen," by Mrs. Lynn Linton. The finest among many illustrations are the three allegorical drawings by Miss Rosie M. M. Pitman. For the twenty-ninth year we have the "*Queen Almanack*," adorned with many portraits and filled with information which ought to be particularly useful to ladies.

There was an old game known as "Names and Faces," and it would seem as if the editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* were playing it with their readers. The December number has an unusual galaxy of names which, speaking commercially, mean money. A poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with Lord Roberts as the theme of soldiers' hero-worship, is followed by the first chapters of Mr. George Meredith's new story, "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." Then we have an interesting tale by Bret Harte, inappropriately prefaced by an engraving after a picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema. "Confessions of an Interviewer" were hardly worth 'fessing by Mr. John B. Lane; there is not a solitary excuse given in this article for the author's boasted experiences. Truth to tell, I did not find much to interest me in this bulky magazine. Mr. Gülich's illustrations are the best within its pages, though Mr. Aby Alston has done well with "Bobs." "Vexed Questions" is not very attractive this month, and Mr. Zangwill is rather less happily inspired than usual.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"EVIL MAY-DAY." By E. E. GREEN. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

Turbulent times were not unknown in the days of King Harry, and this story of 1517 has its full complement of riotous citizens, 'prentice boy mobs, timid traders, lovely maids, bold gallants, and all the picturesque component parts of a mediæval romance. If there is no great skill in the spinning of the plot, it is at least told prettily, and with a certain knowledge of things as they were then. As with the author's other work, there is a compactness and ease of style which can be appreciated in treating of a period over which so many writers wax wearisome.

"SABLE-AND-WHITE." By GORDON STABLES. (Jarrold.)

A doggy autobiography of considerable canine style and intelligence, dealing eloquently of the ups and downs which attend even the case of a show Highland collie. We willingly accompany this white-and-sable beauty in the pleasures, palaces, and even vicissitudes through which he may roam: Crystal Palace shows, dog-stealers' dens, vivisection chambers, and even Battersea—to finally reach the strayed-from haven of Daisy Bank and its lamenting inmates.

"TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AND CHING." By EDITH CUTHELL. (Methuen.)

One does not expect much agony of plot in a tale so presumably written for inchoate intellects. Still, the authoress would have,

perhaps, effected a more lasting friendship with her young readers if she had surrounded her canine hero with a little more incident, or endued him with a little more instinct. But that, doubtless, was an irremediable deficiency on Ching's own part. For the defence, it must be added that the little tale is very prettily bound, nicely illustrated, placidly pleasant in the telling, and would, no doubt, fill some unemployed nursery half-hours very agreeably.



CHING.

"OUR DARLINGS." Edited by DR. BARNARDO. (J. F. Shaw and Co.)

The annual volume in which Dr. Barnardo kindles juvenile interest in the beautiful work which he has done for so many years among ragged and wretched children makes an excellent gift-book, containing, as it does, 424 pages, several coloured illustrations, and numberless stories, which

are bound to be popular. It is bound in two styles, both very pretty.



## SECRETS OF AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Between New York, strident gate of the East, and San Francisco, golden gate of the West, there is to Americans only one Chauncey M. Depew. There is no "Mister" Chauncey Depew, and as for a Chauncey Depew with an "Esquire" to follow, why, that would be sheerly monstrous.

Only four, not five, American millionaires were kept prancing in the outer way while the plain interviewer got his "turn." It was in Depew's beautiful room at the great dépôt of the New York Central



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

Railroad that I saw him, and he looked just the same—a brilliant, attractive personality—as he does to his many friends when he comes this side of the water. An intimate of Russell Lowell's, a fine portrait of Russell Lowell, looking down on Depew's desk, making, so to speak, the prominent note of the room, was the natural thing.

Depew wheeled round in his chair, a half-humorous, half-quizzical, "Well, what can I say to you?" in that bright eye of his.

"Quite simple, Sir," I said. "You are the crack after-dinner speaker of America—" (He shook his head.) "Then, to please you, Sir, I'll say one of them. I'd like you to confess to me the secrets of successful after-dinner oratory."

"Difficult enough, that question, isn't it? Hadn't you better start with something simpler? If we do so, you know, we may get there in a little."

"Good. Then you, who know England almost as well as America, can you explain why American after-dinner speaking is so much better, lighter, wittier than English after-dinner speaking?"

"Because an American dinner audience is always met more or less for amusement pure and simple, for simple enjoyment, met to pass the evening, to be happy, to have fun. An English dinner audience, on the other hand, meets oftener than not in more or less serious vein—a dinner for some specific object, to promote some kind of new venture, to help a charity."

"True; but how does all that have to do with the speaking?"

"Surroundings must. A speaker is, or surely ought to be, what his surroundings are. Speaking is simply a reflex of the gathering, as, to be successful, it must always be just a reflex of the immediate environs. It's inevitable that after-dinner speaking at a dinner which is a dinner and nothing else should be more after-dinnery than the speaking at a dinner which has a more serious purpose than amusement. When I have taken Englishmen to dinners in this country they have sometimes said to me, 'Your speakers chaff too much.'"

Depew laughed—a merry, mellow rosebud of a laugh.

"Then, Sir," I ventured, "it isn't always the Scotsman who is the serious Britisher, not the Scotsman who doesn't have the appreciation of fun in him?"

"Quite the reverse. If I might dare it, it is the Englishman is the Britisher who sometimes misses what we'll call chaff. But, to come to what constitutes successful after-dinner speaking, I should say that the American after-dinner speech, to be successful, should have enough sense and solidity to hold the judgment and enough humour to relieve the agony. If a speech is too serious, it is an inevitable failure; if too whimsical, equally a failure. It fails to arrest, goes off without fixing attention. A happy combination of the two qualities is essential, and in the faculty of combining them lies, perhaps, the greatest secret of good American after-dinner speechmaking."

"What do you say to the story, the little anecdote with or without a moral, as an element in after-dinner oratory?"

"An after-dinner speech which relies on stories is a failure. A speech can stand one story, hardly more, unless they are uncommonly good."

"Do you yourself go on the principle of one story?"

"Substantially, yes. Perhaps you'd like to know where I get my stories, such as they are? Why, invent them, I suppose. Got any on tap? No; I'm sorry. But to return: it is the light touch of pleasantry, or chaff, or ridicule, or sarcasm flashing through the American after-dinner speech that makes it successful."

"I take it the speaker has the advantage who can make his sarcasm, his chaff, his speech, if you like, out of the immediate present, rather than go miles away?"

"Certainly. The capacity for adapting local colour is a great thing, an entirely important thing. No, I should not draw any connection between the brightness of our climate and the brightness—since I imagine it is so—of our after-dinner speaking. Nor can the French influence, through Americans going to France, amount to anything, for the reason that, as a rule, Americans don't know French enough to follow a French speaker. American after-dinner speaking is hereditary, belongs to the race and to the soil. Our freedom from class and class prejudices is a consideration that has something to do with making it what it is. A man can get on his feet and say anything; he does not need to keep his tongue in tether lest he offend somebody's dignity. If the President himself or a Senator or a Governor of a State is at a banquet, that does not in the least interfere with what the humblest orator has to say—always, of course, having regard to the canons of good taste. Now, where you have this wider sweep you have, naturally, more entertaining results."

"Is the after-dinner speaker born or made?"

"I think the gift is a natural one, but it has to be developed by study and practice. I know a man who has spent several hours for twenty-five years, and he can't speak yet, and never will. Gesture has little to do with effectiveness, but a good address much."

"Might I ask how you took to speaking?"

"Indeed, I hardly know. I have spoken ever since I left Yale. Just dropped into it. A few days after I left college I attended a political meeting, and the speaker not turning up, I was asked to speak. I did so, and spoke almost an hour, although it only seemed a few minutes. Before then, though, I had made a banquet speech at college. I was president of a Greek Letter Society. It became bankrupt. To save its position it was necessary we should have a large addition of members from a lower class. The banquet was by way of getting those men to join. There were four speeches besides my own, and I believe I wrote three of them."

As I left, the millionaires were clawing around more impatient than ever, and it needed all the diplomacy of Depew's born private secretary to keep them in countenance.

J. M.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

Off Aden's port the Brisk at anchor lay,  
All trim and taut, one perfect summer day;  
The officers had gone on shore to play  
Or else to sketch.

Another day, how different all appears!  
The P. and O., with mails, the harbour nears,  
From out the ports each anxious visage peers—  
Oh, where's *The Sketch*?

And when the mail 'fore anxious eyes is spread,  
Before the loving missives have been read,  
They all, with one accord, below have fled  
To see *The Sketch*.

But once the mail arrived, they looked in vain;  
Their faces wore a worried look of pain—  
The mail had come across the angry main  
Without *The Sketch*.

With language strong and tempers piping hot  
With angry thoughts of vengeance and what not,  
They censured him who this once had forgot  
To send *The Sketch*.

Poor man, 'mid England's sunny fields and lanes,  
And distant far from post-office and trains,  
Can reach no shop or bookstall which contains  
The saucy *Sketch*.

J. W.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## ATHLETICS.

In the first of the inter-'Varsity contests—that over cross-country—Oxford had rather an easy victory by 7 points. C. C. Angell, St. John's, got home first in 42 min. The sister University had, also, an



Photo by Melville, Manchester.

SID THOMAS.

easy victory over the London Athletic Club by 6 points to 3. Lutyens ran a wonderful mile in 4 min. 20½ sec., and, of course, gave W. J. Fowler no manner of chance. Even more marked, if that were possible, was the victory of Horan over Heath and Sid Thomas in the three-miles race. Considering that Sid Thomas has been in strict training for some time, his running was exceedingly poor. The career of Thomas has been a very varied one. As a youngster, he burst upon the athletic firmament as a star of the first magnitude, and up till the time of going to America he had no peer as a distance runner in England. He did very little in the way of record-breaking in the New World;

but after he returned he appeared to take a fresh lease of life, and some of his record-breaking performances last season were sensational. Owing to the fact that he is not a very fast finisher, he is a much better man against time than in a race.

## FOOTBALL.

For Rugby football men to-day all roads lead to Queen's Club, West Kensington, where once more Oxford and Cambridge Universities fight the annual Battle of the Blues. Queen's Club is now the recognised head-quarters of the 'Varsities in London, and it would be hard to find a more fitting place. Aristocratic in its surroundings, perfect in its arrangements, the 'Varsities have found a true home of sport.

At the beginning of the season the critics point to Cambridge as being likely to possess by far the stronger side. This view was strengthened by the comparatively large number of Old Blues that were available, and the correspondingly small number that were likely to turn out for the sister 'Varsity. But paper form is nearly always a false guide. When one turns to the records of both sides, there is precious little to draw between them. And, just lately, it would appear as if Oxford were really the stronger team. We must, however, make allowances for the fact that W. Neilson, the Cambridge captain, has been laid on the shelf for some weeks, owing to an injury. Considering that Neilson is not only captain, but undoubtedly the best class man on his side, his absence would account for the comparatively poor show that Cambridge has been making. The match to be played to-day will mark a new departure in the history of inter-'Varsity contests, in so far as both sides will play four three-quarter backs. It may be taken for granted that when the 'Varsities have set their sign and seal on the new formation other clubs who have not yet taken it up will promptly follow. My opinion is that the match will be stubbornly contested, and, while a little luck may give either side the victory, I shall not be surprised to find Oxford on the winning side. The following are the teams—

OXFORD.—L. C. Humphrey (Keble), back; H. T. S. Gedge (Keble), J. Conway Rees (Jesus) (captain), E. M. Baker (Keble), W. D. Thomas (Keble), three-quarter backs; W. P. Donaldson (Brasenose), R. H. Cattell (Exeter), half-backs; C. D. Baker (Merton), G. M. Carey (Exeter), F. O. Poole (Keble), J. A. Smith (University), D. Donaldson (New), A. C. Elwes (St. John's), R. B. Littlewood (Wadham), and E. R. Balfour (University), forwards.

CAMBRIDGE.—E. Field (Trinity), back; J. Gowans (Clare), W. Neilson (Clare) (captain), W. G. Druce (Trinity), and L. E. Pilkington (King's), three-quarter backs; A. H. Greg (Trinity), R. O. Schwarz (Christ's), half-backs; C. B. Nicholl (Queen's), W. E. Tucker (Caius), B. F. Robinson (Jesus), J. J. Robinson (St. John's), H. D. Rendall (Trinity), F. Mitchell (Caius), S. E. Whitt-way (Trinity), and H. Laing (Trinity), forwards.

After the 'Varsity match, Cambridge will make a short tour, winding up with a match against Cumberland on Saturday. As a rule, these tours after the 'Varsity match are productive of disaster for the students. The big effort on the Wednesday appears to take too much out of them, and I have little hope of Cambridge coming off with a victory against Cumberland.

I am afraid that the great annual fixture between the North and South of England does not attract the same attention that it did a few seasons ago. Since professionalism reared its head in the North, the gap

between North and South appears to be growing wider and wider. Last year it will be remembered that the South gained a great and quite unexpected victory over a team which, on paper, was supposed to be the best which the North ever sent up to London. In these representative matches the play is generally of the scratchy order, as might be expected from men who rarely or never play together. Judging from the strength of the northern counties this season, and the fact that a large proportion of Yorkshiremen are included in the northern team, I fancy they will be able to reverse last year's match.

Some sensation was caused in southern football circles the other day by the Millwall Club going over to professionalism. No doubt, this step was hastened, if not forced upon them, by the action of the London Football Association, who were about to make inquiries into the bonâ-fides of their amateurism. Slowly, but surely, the professional element is making its way into the south. The following southern clubs have now players registered as professionals: Woolwich, Arsenal, Millwall Athletic, Luton, St. Mary's (Southampton), and I hear that there is a strong probability of quite a host of other clubs going in for the paid player.

OLYMPIAN.

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## \* THE SKETCH \*

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## CONTENTS.

TO PHYLLIS	Frontispiece.
SOME JEWEL MYSTERIES I HAVE KNOWN (FROM A DEALER'S NOTE-BOOK). I. THE OPAL OF CARMALOVITCH	MAX PEMBERTON.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	
THE RUBY HUMMING-BIRD	EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
Illustrations by C. SHEPPERSON.	
"MIGNONNE"	CHARLES SAINTON.
CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNE. A PLAY IN ONE ACT.	WILFRED WEMLEY.
Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.	
THE CURLING TONGS	J. M. BULLOCH.
KADDOUR	W. E. NORRIS.
Illustrations by MYRA E. LUXMOORE.	
AMARYLLIS	ROBERT HERRICK.
Illustrations by ROBERT SAUDER.	
AN IMPRESSION OF VENICE	H. W. MASSINGHAM.
Illustrations by HOLLAND TRINGHAM.	
THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS	ROBERT HERRICK.
A STAGE ON THE ROAD	ANTHONY HOPE.
Illustrations by RAYMOND POTTER.	
THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME	L. F. AUSTIN AND A. R. ROPES.
Illustrations by PHIL MAY.	
TALES OF REVENGE. III. WHICH WAS THE MURDERER?	R. BARR.
Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.	
SANTA CLAUS OF LONG AGO	CHARLES CUSHNIE.
THE OVERTURE TO "TANNHÄUSER"	E. F. BENSON.
Illustrations by A. BIRKENRUTH.	
ON A GIRDLE	EDMUND WALLER.
ANCIENT EARTHWORKS AT DORCHESTER	THOMAS HARDY.
Photographs by W. POUNCEY, Dorchester.	
AN IDYLL OF LONDON	BEATRICE HARRADEN.
Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.	
THE ZOO REVISITED. I. A CHAT WITH THE QUEEN'S LION.	PHIL ROBINSON.
Photographs by RUSSELL AND SONS, Baker Street.	
MARGOT	JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND.	
THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE LADY	E. NESBIT.
Illustrations by LAURANCE HOUSMAN.	
THE MUSE OF THE HALLS	GEORGE GISSING.
Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.	
CYNTHIA'S LOVE AFFAIRS. I. HENRY SILVESTER	BARRY PAIN.
Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.	
LILIES	H. BULLINGHAM.
IN THE PERMANENT WAY	MRS. STEEL.
Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED.	
THE GOLDEN BALL. A FAIRY TALE	CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.
Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.	

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The "Proverbs in Porcelain" of Mr. Austin Dobson, to which I alluded last week, but from which two illustrations are presented here, has long been out of print, and much sought after by the elect. Mr. Dobson has since republished them in the volume entitled "Old World Idylls," which



every lover of his exquisite fancy knows so well. Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have now reproduced them under the old title, a title which so admirably expresses their peculiar characteristics. These little scenes and verses of his are really very much of the texture of exquisite porcelain, as delicate in workmanship, as slight in structure. The value of the present volume is considerably enhanced by the beautiful drawings from the pencil of Mr. Bernard Partridge.

The death of Talbot Baines Reed is a distinct loss to literature. Mr. Reed was one of the best writers for boys, but he was more than that: he was a man of wide literary accomplishment, and of a kind, amiable disposition. There can be no doubt, I fear, that he died of hard work.

Only a few discerning critics paid much heed to Miss Barlow's "Bogland Studies" when they were published about two years ago or more. The knowledge that Ireland had in her a great painter of its sky and moorland and a reader of its heart came to most people only after she had given them "Irish Idylls." Perhaps the earlier book being in verse may have had something to do with it, for certainly the distaste for verse is at present as widespread and sincere as one might hope it is temporary.

Those who missed "Bogland Studies" before have another and a better chance of making their acquaintance in the new and revised edition just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Readers will come to them with more confidence now that their writer's fame is assured, and those with any hearts in their bodies will surely be captivated by the very first page, that introduces "The Ould Master," the father of his people on Irish Fay—

It mayn't be so much of a place, whin ye reckon by land, Irish Fay,  
Just a thrille o' fields and a bog like; but if ye consider the say,  
Sure we've lashins an' lavins o' that.

But life is precious, nevertheless, on Irish Fay, and death very nigh, and Miss Barlow's words about them are like heart-throbs.

The new Bogland Study, "A Curlew's Call"—it was not in the former edition—is the finest of all. A soldier home from Afghanistan tells of the death of his old comrade and neighbour, how at sundown, during a sudden attack by the enemy, Jack was shot in the throat—

And I thought to meself how the same  
Blamed ould sunset 'ud thrapese away to the west, till the shine of it came  
Flarin' red in the bog-houles, an' bright past the turf-stacks, and in at the door  
Of the little ould place down the lonin' that Jack 'ud set fut in no more.

Jack could never say a word of all he was thinking about the old bog country and his own folks, but, cheery and home-loving to the last morsel of his strength—

He looked towards the rim of the west, wid the sun hangin' ready to fall,  
And he whistled two notes quick and low—well I knew it: the curlew's call.

Miss Barlow's stories in verse or prose have this great merit—they do not tempt you to pick holes in them. She is a great landscape painter, and in all she writes there is a rich view of humanity.

It is proposed to establish a Brontë Society, with the view of purchasing and preserving the relics of the Brontës which still exist, and, if possible, adding to the stock of information about the wonderful Haworth family. I doubt whether there is much to be done. The possessions of the sisters were pathetically few, and many relics in circulation are not genuine. The chief desideratum is the excellent pencil sketch of Emily Brontë, drawn by Charlotte, which was in the possession of Martha Brown, the old servant of the family, and is now lost. I saw it thirteen years ago, and vainly endeavoured to purchase it. I have vainly endeavoured to trace it since.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has been giving some striking and picturesque criticisms of Tennyson in his sermons at his church lately. He thus described King Arthur as drawn by Tennyson: "He is a modern gentleman of the school of Kingsley." Tennyson, according to Mr. Brooke, knew nothing of the lives of the poor, neither did he sympathise with them—that is, he had no sympathy with the poor as a class, either with their social ideas or their political theories; in fact, he hardly knew that there were any. Even when he wrote of humble life it was of the small farmer or of the fisherman, not of the labourer on the farm.

Mr. Andrew Lang has been with the fairies again, chronicling the doings of Prince Ricardo, heir to the illustrious Prince Prigio of Pantoufia. It is a wild extravaganza, with its mixture of flying horses, wishing caps, princesses who drink the moon, and golf, Prince Charlie, kilts, fishing-lines, and the Incas. It is written, too, in the bantering manner which is considered necessary in modern days to make fairy tales palatable, but the bantering and joking are not after the traditions of the pantomime. The fancy is very fine that has woven all the fun and the morals into so pretty a shape.

o. o.



"How do they take it?—Can you see?"

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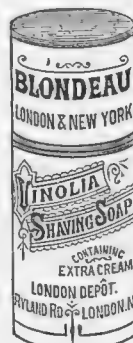


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In this you have  
the Finest essential  
Oils, &c.

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WITH INTEREST AT 3½ PER CENT.

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A CASE OF '86



AN ABSOLUTELY PURE SPIRIT.

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### The Hole in the Four-Pound Loaf.

"I can put a hole in a four-pound loaf." Some folks—commonly those with plenty of money—like to be considered as having "delicate appetites." They affect to think a good, hearty appetite a very vulgar thing indeed. Oh dear, yes! So like a horse or a dog, you know. Quite out of character for persons of sensibility and position. From these people (chiefly women) the fashionable doctor extracts pockets full of guineas.

The people who make deep holes in four-pound loaves are a different lot. But even they sometimes lose their grip, and the big loaf is as safe from their attacks as Gibraltar from a boy's pop-gun. How does it happen? Well, it's hard to tell. Often the victims couldn't tell themselves. But can they ever again wrestle with the four-pound loaf? Oh, yes, when they find out how to coax back that same vagabond appetite. Here's what one man says on the subject:

[COPY.]

"I, Dennis Gray, town sergeant, Sprout Lane, Mullingar, in the County of Westmeath, Ireland, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"In March, 1886, I fell into a low, weak state, and did not know what had overtaken me. At first I had a bad taste in the mouth, and my mouth was covered with slime, the whites of my eyes were tinged yellow, I had no appetite, and after every morsel of food, however simple, it lay like lead. I had terrible pain at the chest, as if I had a heavy load pressing on me. I felt low, dull, and miserable, as if something was hanging over me. The pain at my chest and side was very great, the wind rumbling round my sides, and so bad was this that I could not lie in bed. I got very little sleep, and night after night I rolled

from one side of the bed to the other trying to get relief, but all to no purpose. So bad have I been that I had to wake my grand-daughter to make me a cup of tea in the middle of the night. I gradually lost flesh and became weaker and weaker every day. My legs trembled and shook under me, and as I went about my duties I had to stop and rest in the street, fearing that I should fall down. Suffering in this manner I struggled on month after month, but in great agony. After a time I had to give up my work, and for a whole month lay in bed quite powerless and helpless. I lost all life and energy, and felt that I did not care what became of me, for life had become a burden. A doctor was called to see me, who gave me medicines, but I got no better. I was poulticed and blistered, and rubbed with embrocations; nothing gave me more than temporary ease. My condition was now critical, for I had to be assisted in and out of bed, and all my friends and neighbours thought I could not recover. Everything that could be done was done for me. A lady friend from Glasgow attended upon me for three days and three nights, and stood over me expecting every breath would be my last. In June of last year (1890), feeling a little better, I walked up the street, and called in at Mr. Rogers' drug stores, and took up a book lying on his counter. I read in it of a case similar to mine having been cured by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was so impressed with what I read that I at once procured a bottle and commenced taking it. After I had taken half the contents of the bottle I felt easier, my food agreed with me, and I rested better, and I gradually gained strength, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely cured. All my friends and neighbours were astonished at my recovery, and asked what had wrought the cure. I told them all that Seigel's Syrup had saved my life after suffering over four years, and being at death's door. Since taking the Syrup I have never ailed anything, and can now eat anything, and can 'put a good

hole in a four-pound loaf.' No kind of food comes amiss. I truly believe that Seigel's Syrup has been the means of saving my life, and I wish others to know of the marvellous benefit that I have received. I hereby give full permission to the proprietors of this medicine to publish this statement in any way that they may think proper.

"And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (5 and 6 William IV., c. 62).

(Signed) "DENNIS GRAY.

"Declared before me at Mullingar, in the county of Westmeath, on the third day of June, 1891, a Commissioner duly appointed for administering oaths for her Majesty's High Court of Justice in Ireland, in and for the said county of Westmeath, and I know the deponent.

(Signed) "RICHARD BOOKER LEE,  
"Commissioner."

This is the way Sergeant Gray got back his appetite, and a very cheap and certain way it is, as thousands in Great Britain can testify. The cost of three bottles of Seigel's Syrup is just nothing compared with loss of time and doctors' fees, for doctors must live, and that, too, on the money obtained from their patients, whether the patients get well or not. It was Mother Seigel's happy fortune to discover a remedy as good for the pocket as it is for the stomach, the liver, and the blood. And in all the round earth nothing wins so many hard-fought battles against indigestion and dyspepsia as Seigel's Syrup does; and nothing does so much to reconcile us to our daily bread, and make simple food more nutritious and palatable than all the luxuries that were ever invented to sicken fools and enrich physicians.

Therefore, when you feel—if you ever do—as the sergeant felt, try the remedy that cured him, and you, too, will regain the appetite to make a big hole in the four-pound loaf. And when the appetite comes, may the loaf be on your table to satisfy it!

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The House of Commons has been the scene of what is to my mind one of the meanest conflicts of recent times. The whole force of the Church of England, a kind of forty-parson power, as Byron would say, has been turned on in order to prevent the loss to the Church of the petty work of administering the secular village doles. I say secular, because all the ecclesiastical charities have, by a very wide definition, been swept out of the Bill. They will not and cannot be touched, and the sole remaining point of the controversy is as to whether the secular doles, which the Church party vowed a few weeks ago that they would be glad to abandon, are or are not to be managed by openly elected trustees. A great many even of these are outside the scope of the Bill, and with regard to the new trusts Mr. Fowler has promised that none of them are to come under the authority of the Parish Council unless they have been in existence for at least thirty years. But this does not content the Church party. The Bill deposes the incumbent and the churchwardens from their position as secular heads of the parish, yet the friends of the Church are seeking to continue them in their old relations as distributors of the doles. Why on earth do they want to be anything of the kind? The only possible answer is that they desire it because of the opportunity of political influence which the patronage of the parochial charities involves. I must say they have conducted the battle with the indecorum peculiar to ecclesiastical partisans. The Church usually fights its case in a more disreputable manner than purely secular combats, and so we have a series of worryings, batings, obstructings, petulant cries of betrayal, breaches of faith, and what not, most of them hurled at the unlucky head of the President of the Local Government Board.

## FOWLER THE MODERATE.

Truth to say, Mr. Fowler has been himself to blame for a good deal of the game of cross-purposes in which the House has been engaged. Mr. Fowler has two defects, which are showing to great disadvantage in his conduct of the Bill. His temper is strong and his judgment is weak. A Moderate by conviction and habit, he is much too plainly impressed by the arguments of the other side; so he gives way right and left, puts up the backs of his followers, and then has, perforce, to stiffen his own. The result is that the Radicals distrust him, and the Conservatives alternately patronise and rage at him, and pure mischief-makers like Mr. Chamberlain dance an unholy dance of glee round the substantial body of the victim. Mr. Fowler began the week badly by a most unlucky speech, in which, in answer to a Radical request to embody the popular control of the charities in Clause 13, he frankly told the Committee that the Parish Councils were totally unfit to deal with anything of the kind. This raised a Radical storm, followed by a fluttering of chaff by Mr. Chamberlain as to the Liberal Minister who was more reactionary than himself. Poor Mr. Fowler had to give way, was repudiated by his colleagues, and for the next day or so was practically removed from his position as conductor of the Bill. Then he came back again and irritated the Tories, who, having pitied him to their hearts' content, turned round and frankly abused him. To crown all, Mr. Chamberlain, who had played the ultra-Radical game at the beginning of the week, quietly took the Tory attitude at the end. Having abused Mr. Fowler for being too Conservative, he then slated him for being too Radical. The assurance of this is characteristic enough, but I fancy that even Mr. Chamberlain's own friends were disgusted.

## NO BILL, NO HOLIDAYS.

Meanwhile, everybody is asking when the Bill is going to get through. I do not think it conceivable that it can pass the House before Christmas. In that case the Tories will have to pay the piper: if they will obstruct they will lose their holidays. There will be a very short adjournment, from the Saturday before Christmas till two or three days afterwards. The Bill will be carried through, will be sent up to the Lords, and will be mutilated there. The country will reject the Lords' amendments, there will be a fight, and either a deadlock or a compromise. Precisely the same thing will happen over the Employers' Liability Bill. It is already being pitilessly knocked to pieces by the Lords. The Government will have nothing to say to the amendments; they will be rejected by large majorities, the Bill will be sent back to the Lords, and one party will have to yield.

## "CONTRACTING-OUT" IN THE LORDS.

The Peers, to the quite unusual number of 176, discussed the contracting-out clause in Committee on Friday night. The amendment moved by the young Earl of Dudley had been altered in form no less than three times, and even then did not receive much defence from Lord Dudley, who has only the average ability of a Parliamentary candidate. The Earl of Denbigh moved an amendment to that of Lord Dudley, providing that a majority of two-thirds of the workmen should be necessary for contracting-out. After one of the Duke of Argyll's customary speeches, and an argumentative addition to the debate from the ex-Premier, the House divided, 148 voting for Lord Dudley's amendment and 28 against it; Lord Denbigh's amendment thereto was agreed to, and the clause as amended was added to the Bill. Their Lordships did some further tinkering under the superintendence of Viscount Cross, and, finally, at the terribly late hour of a quarter to nine o'clock, the Peers completed the task to which they had with self-sacrifice addressed themselves by reporting the Bill. They had actually sat for four hours and a-half!

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

We are getting a little more interesting at St. Stephen's. Party spirit is rising, and things are becoming livelier. The fact is that, after a lot of dulness over topics in which no one was very much interested, we have now come to some controversial points in which members really take sides. It would not matter so much if there was plenty of time to debate the Parish Councils Bill, but the Radicals know that in raising a hulla-balloo against the Church party for obstructing they are doing so not only because they themselves like the notion of fining and degrading the Church, but because the protraction of business even to a small degree jeopardises the existence of the Bill altogether, unless its discussion is to hang over (House of Lords included) till Easter.

## THE CHURCH PARTY.

The consequence is that we have Mr. Fowler's conciliatory policy thrown over, Sir William Harcourt taking charge in his most controversial manner, "nasty" speeches from Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen, Mr. Gladstone actually snatching an interval from his new labours on Horace to discuss "put-up jobs," all the representatives of the Church party (backed up by Mr. Bartley and the other free lances in search of fair ladies to deliver) shouting out "Breach of faith!" "Confiscation!" and raging generally, while Christmas steadily approaches. And what is it all about? Radical-apologists say, "About nothing." But it really is a very important something. The question is whether the Church is or is not to lose her old power in the rural districts. We are told that "ecclesiastical charities" will not be touched; but that is mere quibbling about the word "ecclesiastical." The Radicals want to give those charities and doles which were not left specially for "spiritual" purposes, but were left to be administered by Churchmen, over to the new secular councils, just because they think it will take down the nasty pride of the "Establishment." On the second reading, too, Mr. Fowler practically promised that the required concessions would be made to the Church party; he "would not be party to anything which should injure the Church." Mr. Fowler's assurance resulted in the second reading of the measure without a division, and it must be perfectly well understood that the Bill could only be got through at all in the limited space allowed if it were made non-contentious (even to the disappointment of the advanced sections) by concession. But Mr. Fowler has been set aside, and the result is that the "moderate" Bill becomes an undisguised attack on vested interests of the most sacred kind. Is that really the new Gladstonian game? Are we at the beginning of a great religious struggle in England?

## OVERWORK.

Meanwhile, the House is clearly overworked. One of the Whips, Mr. Spencer, fainted the other day in the House, and has had to stay away. Mr. John Morley has broken down and gone to the south of France. A dozen and more members are down with influenza. Mr. Balfour is back, but Mr. Burns is still shaky. Mr. Gladstone seems to be the only man who fails to see what his legislation means; he, like James in "Gudgeons," is "wonderful." But even Mr. Gladstone has not found a satisfactory clue to the labyrinth of business he is now in. The Saturday sitting only irritates everybody.

## THE REAPPEARANCE OF JOSEPH ARCH.

Another prominent instance of the revival of interest in the Parish Councils Bill is the reappearance of Mr. Joseph Arch. As everyone knows, this honest, blundering, and not over subtly-minded or politely educated old agitator found himself so "out of it" in the House of Commons in the last Parliament but one that he did not seek re-election. An unfortunate, but with him perfectly natural, misinterpretation of the expression "hinds" as applied by some speaker to agricultural labourers is the best remembered instance of how Mr. Arch did not fit in with an assemblage mainly composed of gentlemen of another class than his. He was so sensitive about these little matters, thinking that he was laughed at contemptuously, while really it was only good-humouredly, that he withdrew. But he got over that experience, and is among us again; only, till recently he had kept studiously quiet, rather than run the risks of his earlier discomfiture. But on the Parish Councils Bill he has broken silence more than once in the last week or so, speaking with a characteristic vigour, but not without reminding us that he is the same old Joseph Arch whose vocabulary was not learnt at Eton and Oxford. One day he tells how he had applied for twenty-seven acres of land for allotments. "I was asked, 'Where is your capital?'" I answered, "Here!"—and with the word out was stretched a brawny hand and arm that could beat for eloquence all the consummate arts of oratory. Another day he is autobiographical again, and even tries a somewhat heavy-handed pun at the expense of the Church. "The reason why I never received a farthing's worth of charity was because I was a Nonconformist by religion and a Liberal in politics. I hope the Government will sweep away this abominable Church parsonomy and let the agricultural labourers have their rights." One or two members could not restrain their laughter during this speech, and Mr. Arch "went for" them roundly. "I have known numbers of instances where men like myself, who have lived in our country villages, no matter how decent they were, or what their character was"—a laugh—"I claim to have as honourable character as any other gentleman in this House!"—cheers and laughter—and so on. Mr. Arch still cannot see that when his speeches excite laughter it is not because people think him a fool, or despise him as vulgar, but simply because he puts things in a way to which the average M.P. is unused.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

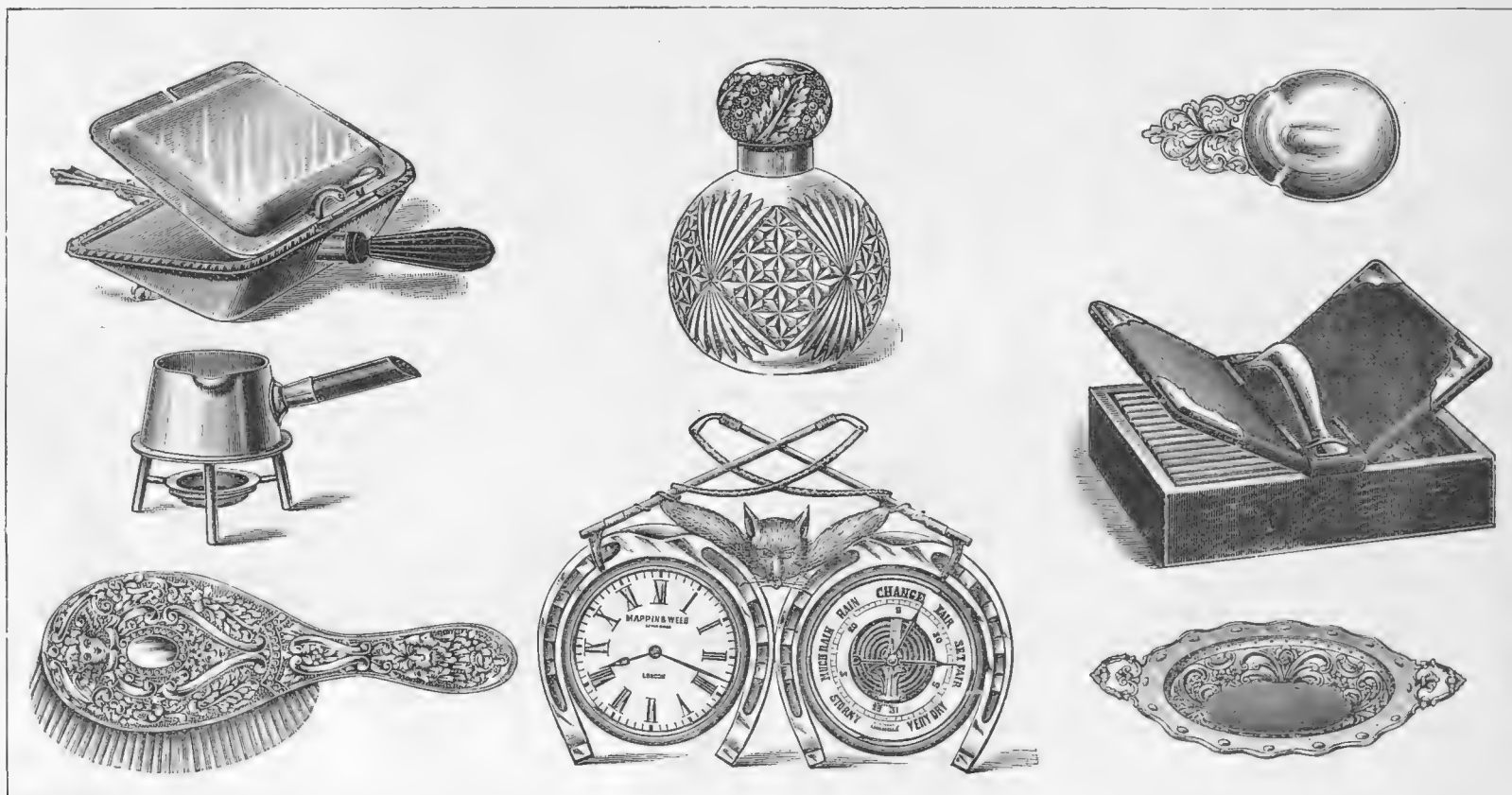
## SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

I almost thought that last week's round would have exhausted the energies of my ancient friend Santa Claus, and cooled down his ardour somewhat; but no, far from it, and this week I have to chronicle the result of fresh investigations, which were, if anything, conducted with additional vigour, stimulated as we were by the increasing nearness of Christmas and the clamorous appeals of the crowd of present-seekers.

We made a start at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, and Santa Claus wishes to state most emphatically that nowhere have more successful preparations been made to celebrate his advent, and, accordingly, he was in high glee from the moment he placed his foot inside these palatial premises. I could fill a volume with an account

end, while a charming little sugar-basin and cream-jug are placed conveniently on each side of the handle. The frame is now on view at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's show-rooms at 2, Queen Victoria Street, City, and well as at 158, Oxford Street, and if you want a charming present for a lady you cannot do better than see this novelty. The price is very moderate indeed—only £6 10s., including the Doulton ware.

I absolutely must tell you about some charming novelties for the toilet table in the shape of brush tray, pin tray, powder box, &c., in white melon ware mounted in silver-gilt. I never saw anything daintier or prettier, and I foresee very great popularity for this new departure. Other novelties which are specially worthy of notice and recommendation are glass ash trays, mounted in silver, and made in the shape of hearts, clubs, spades, or diamonds. They would be a very suitable addition to card tables, but they are quite pretty enough to induce people to use



NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

of what I saw, but to be on the safe side I will begin with the things sketched, and then, if so be that Fate and space are kind, I may run on to a few other things.

First, then, all you with sporting friends give special attention to the hunting trophy combination eight-day clock and aneroid, and then, on behalf of the men who smoke, look at the "Surprise" cigarette case, which opens with a spring in the centre, and is fitted with glass tops so that it can be seen at a glance when the interior needs replenishing. Specially brought out for use at Christmas time is the dainty little brandy saucepan and stand of Prince's plate, lined with silver-gilt. If you bring the brandy in hot and then pour it over the plum-pudding, you get a glorious blaze; so this little novelty should be in great demand. A really handsome-looking and very useful present which any woman would appreciate is the cut-glass scent-bottle, with solid silver top, prettily chased. I must whisper to you that it is only twenty-five shillings; while another wonderful bargain is the hair-brush, £1 12s., with sterling silver back, beautifully chased, the design being very artistic and perfectly carried out.

A very useful present is the patent vegetable dish of Prince's plate, which slopes downwards inside in such a way that it becomes no longer a trial of patience to capture peas and other vegetables of the kind, and the sweetmeat dish, with pierced border and quaintly pretty server, would form another very nice present.

I also noticed a charming novelty in the shape of an afternoon tea frame, called the "Dorothy," as shown in the accompanying illustration. The frame, which is made throughout in Prince's plate, is so contrived that it will safely hold everything without fear of the servant upsetting the china. On either side are dishes, in beautiful Doulton ware, for bread-and-butter and cake, with two delicate cups and saucers at either

them as pin trays as well. I also liked the idea of a syphon stand of chased Prince's plate, in which one of these somewhat unsightly objects would become quite a thing of beauty, and another handy arrangement was a plated biscuit, butter, and cheese dish, with a celery glass in the centre. Now I must stop, and drag myself away from this



THE "DOROTHY" TEA FRAME.

all too fascinating place, or I shall find, when I want to return to Dame Fashion, that she will have none of me if I prove too outrageously zealous and loyal a subject to her rival.

Then Santa Claus and I turned our attention to Messrs. Hampton and Sons' storehouse of treasures in Pall Mall East, for we found it absolutely impossible to pass by their windows, and even a momentary glimpse of the good things there displayed made us eager to see more.

[Continued on page 385.]

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This Work contains Fifty Drawings of specially designed Artistic Interiors, in the various styles now in demand; upwards of 2000 "Half-tone" Prints of Furniture Photographed from Stock, and many Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Blinds, China and Glass, &c.

The above print is a photographic reproduction of the cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 15 in. by 10 in.

To all those about to Furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON & SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference.

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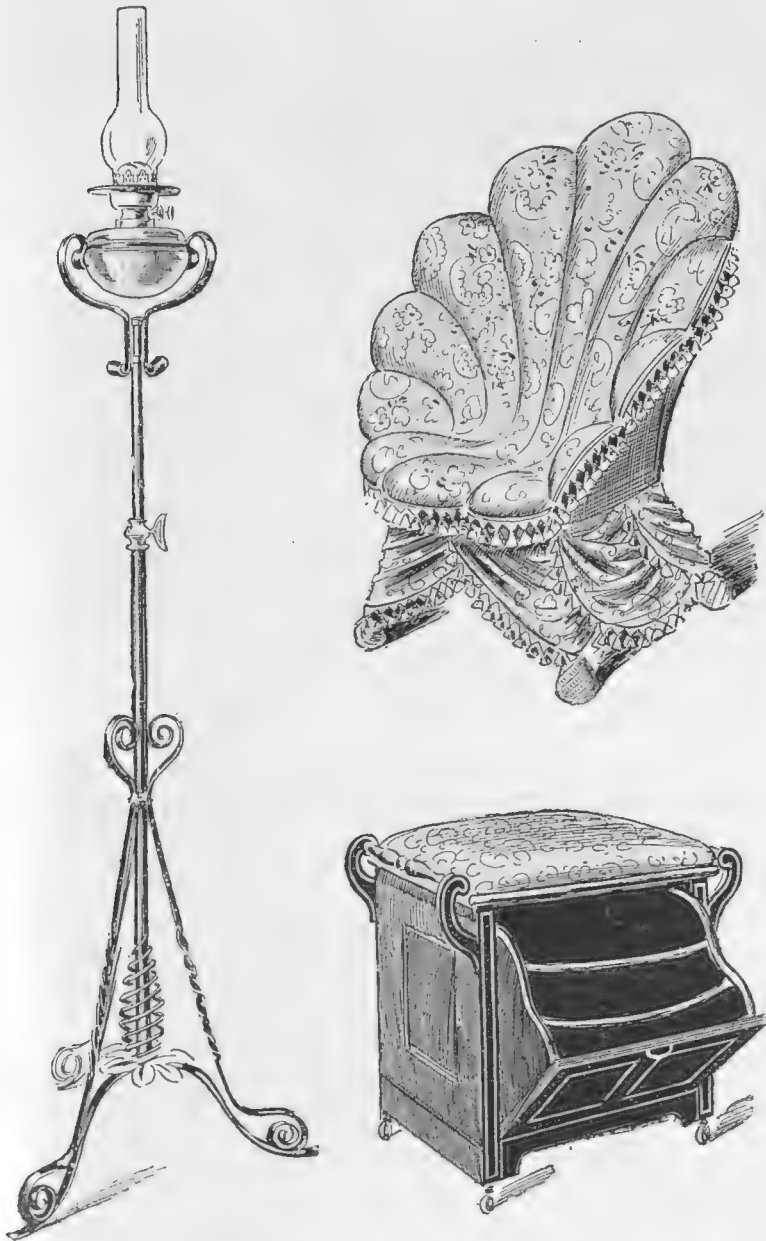
SERVED HOT AT RESTAURANTS.

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The first thing that struck our fancy and roused us to an exhibition of, I am afraid, almost childish delight was a piano which, when we came in, was playing away most beautifully, without any visible agency



whatsoever. The keys were jumping up and down as it pressed by spirit fingers, and the effect was, to say the least of it, very curious—in fact, it was quite a relief to find that the motive power was electricity. What will it do for us next, I wonder, when now anyone who has the electric light in the house can simply turn on the switch in connection with this really marvellous piano, and the music will go on till further orders? Just imagine what such an arrangement would mean when you wanted to get up an informal dance. No one need, more or less—generally less—willingly, take up their position at the piano and pipe while the others danced, so everybody could enjoy themselves; but if anyone should feel particularly industrious they can affix a handle to the piano underneath, and turn it in the hurdy-gurdy fashion. Once, however, that the switch is turned off and the handle taken away, the piano is an ordinary one, with an extraordinarily sweet tone, and can be played upon in the usual way.

While I was walking round this wonderful instrument, in order to examine it from every point of view, I caught sight of the loveliest possible screen, which hid the back, and which I commend specially to you all as one of the prettiest novelties of the season. It was of soft golden-brown silk, brocaded in gold, the framework being covered with lace, and then gilded over. In front was a spray of roses and leaves, so exquisitely modelled and so wonderfully light in appearance that it was difficult to believe that they were made out of metal and not of silk. I never saw anything prettier, and as you can get photo frames, waste-paper baskets, &c., to match, you should be able to find some charming presents among them all. There were some other lovely things in stamped leather, notably a large fire-screen, with an exquisite design of pink and white May blossoms and tender green leaves, while in this instance, also, there were smaller articles, such as music-stands, frames, &c., from which those who do not want to spend too much money can make their choice.

But I could not go away without getting something more than mere descriptions for you, so now let me tell you about the things which I have had sketched for you, though one might as well try to count the drops of rain during a heavy shower as to attempt to give any adequate idea of the hundreds and thousands of lovely things which beguile you into opening your purse-strings as widely as ever they will go when once you get

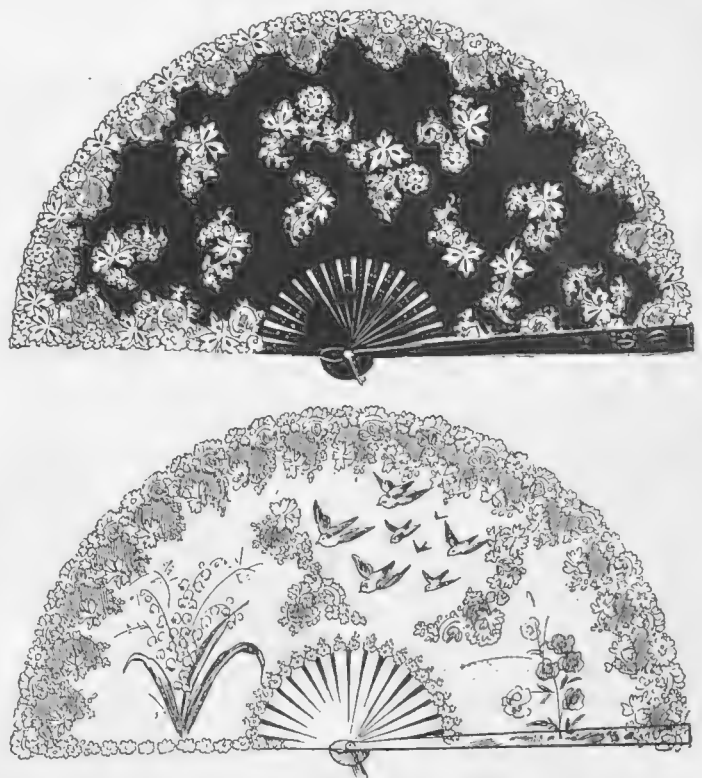
inside Messrs. Hampton's. But there is one thing which I must impress upon you, and it is that, perfect in every way as all their goods are, the prices are astonishingly moderate; so you need not be afraid and think that you must not pay this famous firm a visit unless you are provided with an exceptional quantity of that commodity which, though it has been called "the root of all evil," is certainly also the root of any number of pleasant and altogether desirable things. You will prove my words if you pay a personal visit.

But to return to our sketches. I have got a charming chair for you for boudoir or drawing-room, in a quaintly pretty and delightfully comfortable shell shape, covered with lovely brocade in a delicate shade of old rose, and finished off with a fringe of the same colour. I also noticed with favour a "Queen Anne" arm-chair, stuffed with horse-hair, and with chased mahogany legs, the cretonne with which it was covered having a charming and most artistic design of shaded yellow chrysanthemums and pale blue flowers on a yellowish ground. It was one of the cheapest chairs I have ever seen, for it was only £4 18s. 6d., a price which would surprise you even more if you went and had a look at it and saw how thoroughly well made it was. I can assure you that it is also most comfortable, for I promptly tested its seating capabilities, for, much as I love pretty things, I think that chairs which make your back ache should be banished from every house, let them be ever so good to look upon.

An eminently useful article of furniture is the Beethoven music-stool and cabinet in inlaid mahogany, the seat being covered with handsome silk brocatelle. It opens in front to show the sloping shelves, which will hold a quantity of music, and keep it perfectly free from dust or damage of any kind, while for anyone who wants to economise space it is specially valuable—and it is only four pounds. But I want you to look very specially at the sketch of the "Standard" lamp, for it will undoubtedly be the lamp of the season, and will, I should think, sell by the hundred. You can see for yourselves how graceful the design is, and it is carried out in bent iron and copper, while it is fitted with a double burner and glass, all complete for—be prepared for a surprise—15s. 6d.!

It is a big jump from furniture to gloves, is it not? and yet Santa Claus and I wish you to make it, for on behalf of hundreds of girls I can answer for the acceptability of these most important articles of feminine attire as Christmas gifts. And if one wants really good gloves, well shaped and durable, and withal economical, it goes almost without saying that they should go, as I did, to the London Glove Company's premises either at 45A, Cheapside, or 83, New Bond Street, W., for there they will find every kind of glove imaginable put up in single or more pairs in dainty boxes, with a special view to their presentation at Christmas or New Year. I expect that you all know the Company's goods by this time—certainly it is not my fault if you do not; but I may just tell you that their fur-lined gloves, which are delightfully warm, and not the least bit clumsy, would make very seasonable gifts, while their "Cinderella" suede evening gloves—ranging from 2s. 3d. to 3s. 11d. per pair—are marvels of cheapness. I would like you to send, without a moment's delay, for one of the Company's illustrated price-lists, which will give you the fullest information on the subject.

But, apart from gloves, they are showing any number of beautiful fans and sachets, and even the two examples of each which I have had sketched for you will, I think, be sufficient to prove to you that the



London Glove Company are well to the fore with novelties, as usual. One of the fans is of black gauze, with an appliqué of white or éru lace; it is wonderfully effective and handsome, and certainly no one would imagine that it was only 15s. 6d. The other fan is just double



the amount, but it is well worth it, for it is of white gauze with an appliqué of beautiful lace, and with delicate hand-painted sprays of poppies and lilies-of-the-valley, surrounding some flying swallows. The mounts are of mother-of-pearl, and the fan is altogether the perfection of dainty beauty.

I also saw one very quaint fan, which would give plenty of employment to restless fingers, and, though I do not approve of encouraging fidgety people, I think the "Surprise" fan is likely to occasion some amusement, and so I will tell you about it. It is made of ribbon, generally in two prettily contrasting colours, and, though it looks just like an ordinary fan, it will, when held in a certain way, fall to pieces in a manner which to the uninitiated is distinctly surprising and somewhat alarming.

Even as a means of amusement and a subject of conversation it is well worth the low price of four shillings, but it is a very pretty fan quite apart from this.



Then as to the sachets. I am sure that you could not possibly expend three shillings to greater advantage than in purchasing one which is sketched. It is of the palest mauve satin, hand-painted, with three graceful Watteau figures, a lady and her two admirers, rivals evidently, while it is finished off with an edging of silk cord and lined with white quilted satin. Fancy all that for three shillings, and for the same price you can get one in pale blue with a group of Watteau shepherdesses, another design being some lovely cherubs' heads. The other sachet, in a long narrow shape, suitable for evening gloves, is really lovely; and, just imagine, it is only eight shillings. The material of which it is composed is vieux-rose satin, with two pretty hand-painted figures on one side, bordered at top and bottom with an appliqué of gold lace, while at the back it is entirely covered with the same lace. What more could anyone want?

Between gloves, fans, and sachets I think you will find something to suit your purse and your friends' tastes at the London Glove Company's premises, so Santa Claus and I will take our departure, and now I don't think we shall have much trouble in getting you to come with us to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company at 112, Regent Street. Even if by some strange chance you should not be wanting to purchase anything at present, I really ask you, for your own gratification, to call in and have a look at a unique array of beautiful things. You do not have many opportunities of seeing such a collection gathered together in one place, and I may tell you that you will never be importuned to buy; on the contrary, you will find everyone perfectly willing to show you anything you may wish to see, and then, when you have satisfied your curiosity, you can walk out without having spent a farthing if you feel so inclined; but I never yet saw the person who could go away until they had become the possessor of some of the lovely things, even if they were only obtained to be passed on to some fortunate friend or relative.

Is there one of you, for instance, who could by any chance resist the fascinations of a lovely gold necklet, with graceful festoons in front, from

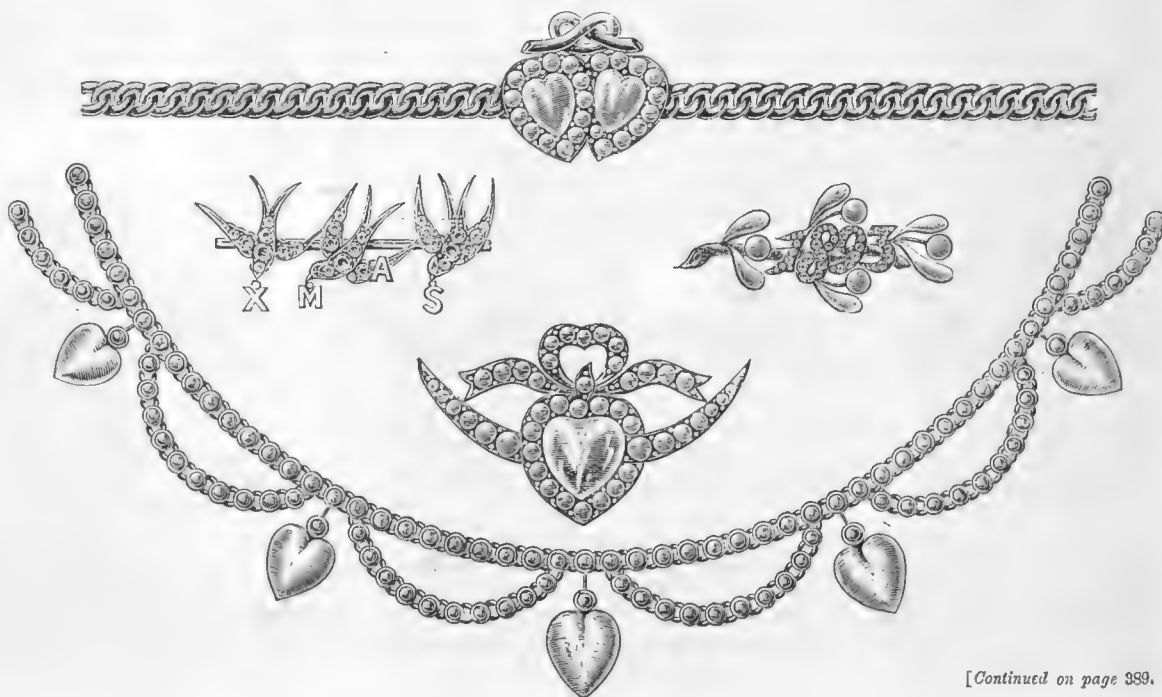
which hang three golden cornelian hearts, with single pearls at the top, especially when you know that it is only nine pounds? while the gold flexible bracelet, with double cornelian hearts surrounded by pearls and joined together by a true-lovers' knot in gold, is only six pounds, and would make a charming present to *fiancée* or wife.

Then, for novelty, I can commend to you the sweet little mistletoe brooch, with pearl berries and chrysoprase leaves, and with "1893" in diamonds in the centre. Is it not charming? I am sure you will think it well worth ten pounds, and for five pounds you can have the gold bar brooch, bearing three diamond swallows, from whose beaks hang enamel letters forming the word "Xmas," one bird having a double allowance of glory by reason of the letter M being in its beak and the letter A resting on its wing. The two other brooches illustrated are also very novel, the combination of a pearl new moon with a golden cornelian and pearl heart and true-lovers' knot being very original and effective, the price (£5 10s.) being delightfully moderate, while the other new moon brooch (at seven pounds) is in diamonds, with a round golden cornelian balanced at one end.

So much for the sketches, but for all the other pretty things which are calculated to charm the money out of the veriest miser's purse, how can I attempt to describe them, except by saying that the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company have this season outshone even themselves, so by this you may judge that their novelties are, indeed, exceptionally beautiful. I simply cannot, however, leave unrecorded the charms of a dear little pearl mistletoe brooch, across which appears the word "Xmas" in diamonds; another pearl and diamond brooch has an enamel heart with "1893" traced upon it and a border of diamonds. Mistletoe seems to be in the ascendant this year, for it appears in some other lovely little brooches, some of the leaves being in diamonds and others in delicate green enamel, while the berries are formed of pearls.

I should like you to see some dainty little gold bead necklets, with festoons in front, from which hang three pearl hearts. You could not wish for anything prettier or more suitable for the fresh beauty of a young girl, and, let me tell it to you confidentially, they are only £5 10s. Gold curb bracelets, set in front with four or five stones, look particularly well, while others have a sapphire or emerald in front set with diamonds, which, when detached and fixed to a little gold bar, with a diamond at each end, form a beautiful brooch; or, separately, a pin or stud for use when it seems good to the fair wearer to imitate masculine attire to a certain extent and to don shirt-front and tie. The *renaissance* of Italian enamelling is heralded by some of the daintiest necklets and bracelets of beautiful enamel—the same on both sides—combined with pearls; but I quite lost my heart to some exquisite butterflies and dragon-flies of opal matrix, set with diamonds, the wonderful blues and greens and mauves and a host of indescribable hues lending themselves particularly well to these designs. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company are also showing a very large stock of tortoise-shell photo frames, inkstands, trinket boxes, &c., mounted in silver, and the combination is so effective that I can quite understand its growing popularity; but there, will you, as I cannot tell you any more, call in at 112, Regent Street yourself and see all the lovely things—they are all marked in plain figures, let me tell you—or send for the magnificent new catalogue which they have just brought out? In either case, scrape together all your available cash, for you will never find a better chance of expending it with the greatest possible amount of pleasure and satisfaction, both to yourselves and your friends.

And yet, with all this, Santa Claus reminded me reproachfully that we had got nothing specially suitable for elderly ladies, so we started off promptly to remedy the omission, and both of us coming to the conclusion that a dainty cap was the very thing for the purpose, we





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Postage 2d. per lb. extra. Packed fresh from bulk on receipt of order. Crossed orders and cheques.  
**C. F. HUNT, TEA BROKER, 55, EASTCHEAP, E.C.****EDWARDS' HARLENE FOR THE HAIR**WORLD-RENOUNDED  
HAIR PRODUCER AND  
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turning grey.  
Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of  
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For removing Itch, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour, it is without a rival.Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless and devoid  
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**"JUST THE SOAP FOR YOUR BATH!"****IVY** **3d. PER LARGE DOUBLE CAKE.**  
**soap**  
**IT FLOATS!**

Is it not most annoying, when having a bath, to lose the soap or to find you have left it wasting in the water? Neither will happen with "IVY" Soap, which is always in sight, floating on the surface. Children are no longer any trouble on "Bath Night" when "IVY" Soap is used—they are so delighted to see it sailing on the water?

"IVY" Soap is a beautiful white "Milky" Soap, hard and very lasting. Guaranteed pure and free from irritating Chemicals. Gives a creamy lather and is **SPLENDID FOR WASHING** Laces, Prints, Fine Underclothing, and all delicate goods, the colour and texture of which suffer damage from common soaps.

Ask your Grocer for "IVY" Soap. If any difficulty, we will send you 3 CAKES in a handy box, carriage paid, on receipt of your Address and 12 STAMPS or 1s. POSTAL ORDER.

**GOODWIN BROS., MANCHESTER.**



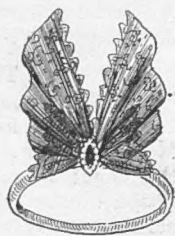
straightway made a raid upon Mrs. Farey's pretty shop at 231, Regent Street, and selected the one which we considered most suitable. I hope that when you have looked at the sketch you will think we had good taste. The cap is of delicate creamy lace, trimmed with rosettes of



eau-de-Nil satin, and with tiny clusters of primulas peeping out coquettishly here and there, while the lace is caught at the back with a brilliant pin. It is a very dainty confection, and, withal, a very becoming one, and I fancy that its attractiveness will be increased when I tell you that the price is only half-a-guinea. That is moderate enough to suit anyone, is it not?

Another cap which looked very smart was of white lace, trimmed with bows of scarlet ribbon velvet and sprays of small flowers in the same rich colour, while

still another of white lace was almost covered with clusters of dainty heliotrope. A combination of black lace and yellow and black baby ribbon, intermixed with small yellow chrysanthemums, was also very effective; but, of course, I could not go away without getting something for you younger and more frivolous folk, so I pounced upon a dainty new bandeau, very rightly christened the "Chic," and which, as it is only 6s. 9d., would be a very suitable present for one girl friend to make to another. It is of fancy gold gimp, with a high bow in front of fine black lace, kept erect by a gold wire edging, which forms a pretty finish, and fastened at the bottom with a brilliant buckle. I fancy, however, that any woman who saw this bandeau would think twice before passing on such a weapon of fascination without at least securing one first for herself. It is wonderful how cheap, and, at the same time, how tasteful, these little additions to one's appearance are. I have no doubt there will be a steady demand for the "Chic" bandeau, of which a sketch is herewith appended. I think you will be grateful for a sight of so pretty a thing.



THE "CHIC"  
BANDEAU.

And now I think I have only one more suggestion to make as to your Christmas presents, but it certainly is an important one. People so often forget the practical side of the question in making presents that it is as well sometimes to remind them that to those who are not too well endowed with this world's goods articles of daily household use which are necessities to us are absolute luxuries to them, and would be appreciated immensely, especially at Christmas time. For instance, nearly everyone, high or low, rich or poor, enjoys to the full a cup of the beverage which cheers but does not inebriate, and, to women especially, a good cup of tea is often a panacea for all ills, both bodily and mental. Just imagine, then, what a lot of pleasure you could give to some of the poor relations whom nearly every one possesses, or to some faithful old retainers, whom you always like to remember at such times as these, by ensuring them a delicious cup of tea for many a day to come. It need not be an expensive present either, for you can get the best tea that anyone could possibly desire from the United Kingdom Tea Company at prices ranging from one to two shillings a pound. The tea which this world-renowned firm sells at the latter price is good enough to please the most fastidious person who ever drank tea, and is the same which is supplied to some of the highest in the land; so, while you are doing a good turn to someone else, you may reap the benefit yourself by becoming acquainted with the best and most delicious tea which I ever tasted. And tea is one of my hobbies, too.

If you want to judge of its quality first for yourself, you can have samples sent free on application to the United Kingdom Tea Company, 21, Mincing Lane, E.C., but you will be perfectly safe in ordering any of the qualities, even that at a shilling a pound being quite equal to that which is generally sold at double the money, and those at 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. 9d. being all excellent. I think I have told you enough about the two-shilling tea, so make someone happy by a present of this tea, and when you are getting it you will do well to provide yourself with some as well. And I feel bound to add, for the benefit of those who never consulted the late Sir Andrew Clark, a few words of advice as to the making of tea, which is, in my opinion, a neglected art. It should not be necessary to insist on the water having attained boiling point, and yet many people are careless on this matter. Then, if you do not want to poison your friends with tannin, never let the boiling water remain on the tea-leaves more than four minutes. This time suffices for infusion, and it is a wise and healthy plan to pour off the tea into a second tea-pot, which should be warmed. It is strange that in these enlightened days such simple information should be news to many, but I can assure my readers that tea-making is well worth their careful attention, and they will be amply rewarded by the improvement in this universal beverage.

FLORENCE.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 9, 1893.

There has been a fair demand for money, and the rates for short loans have hardened, while fine bills have not been taken lately at under  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The general tone of the markets has this week not been very favourable, and we could not expect the little revival of the last fortnight to go on without some check. The process of re-establishing public confidence is not to be accomplished in a month, nor, indeed, in a year, and although we think that the prospects are hopeful, and that sound legislation in America will do much to bring about a better state of affairs, you must not expect improvement without periodical set-backs.

Home Rails have shown good tone, despite a very melancholy estimate of the dividends to be expected for the current half-year published in *Truth* this week. How the holders of Midland Ordinary will like a distribution of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. instead of  $6\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. we do not know, but, even if the case is not so bad as the paper in question anticipates, it is abundantly sure that the holders of Great Easterns, Great Northern, Great Westerns, London and North-Westerns, and Midlands will have to put up with substantial reductions.

As to Brighton A stock, the large "bear" account disclosed at each of the last three settlements is a favourable feature, and the "bulls" have been encouraged by taking a difference of two points last time, quite a novel experience. The underground lines are supposed to be gainers by the traffic arrangements which the two great omnibus companies have entered into.

There has been no considerable movement in Foreign stock, but the report of the Peruvian Corporation was very unfavourable. We are not inclined to consider the document as sounding the doom of the company by any means, and there are many worse  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. investments than the 6 per cent. debentures at 54. No sane man expects absolute security with such a return, and for a speculative lock-up you might do worse than purchase a few at the present low price. The Italian market has not collapsed, as many people expected, under the combined effect of the bank scandals and the suspension of the Credito Mobiliare, but the big financial houses are so bound up with Italian, Greek, and Spanish credit that the more rotten the position in any of these countries the more support one may expect to be forthcoming for the old loans—just, don't you know, to prepare the way for a fresh issue.

In American Rails there has been considerable buying of first and second-class bonds, which is always a good sign, and you might do far worse than pick out a few gilt-edged securities of this class for investment purposes. Should the tariff legislation get through without such a prolonged struggle as the pessimists predict, we fully expect a general improvement, both in traffics and prices. If, apart from dividend, you desire to speculate in what is usually called "rubbish," you will not probably hurt yourself, dear Sir, by a purchase of Erie, Union Pacific, or Denver shares. We are not over-sanguine as to Grand Trunk securities, but Canadian Pacific shares are, for the rate of interest they return, a tempting purchase, always provided that you do not go away with the idea that you have secured something gilt-edged for your money.

There is very little to report in the South American market. If the question of the railway guarantees were settled, or even on the way to settlement, we might confidently anticipate an all-round improvement; but we must wait patiently until the Rothschild convention is finally disposed of before expecting the Argentine Finance Minister to take in hand this difficult problem.

Everyone is speculating as to what the directors of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation will do about the serious charges which have been brought against them, and, indeed, it is quite impossible to conceive that a body of English gentleman can sit still in the face of what was said on Thursday last. Of course, there would be an easy way out of the difficulty, if the astonishing allegations which Mr. Walker made are untrue; but we can hardly believe he would have so boldly challenged investigation unless he had substantial grounds for his more important charges. We think you will do well to continue your powerful support to an independent investigation.

The new premises of the City Safe Deposit in Throgmorton Avenue were opened this week, and we wish the enterprise every success. The situation of the building is magnificent, and the facilities offered to customers are all that could be desired. Whether or not the venture will pay is a matter of opinion, but as the originators have had the pluck and the money to carry it through without trying to palm it off upon the public by the usual means, they deserve every encouragement.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

To judge from the Canadian Club Whisky, our Canadian cousins have discovered the art of distilling. It is soft and mellow; indeed, has an utter absence of fieriness. The flavour is unique, being something between that of brandy and that of Irish whisky. It is not likely to displace the sale in this country of Scotch whisky, having no approach to the peaty character of the latter, but to ladies who are ordered whisky by their medical advisers, and who dislike what they call the "smoky" taste, it will be welcome.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

*Tuesday.* It was reported to-day that Professor Tyndall's death, which occurred yesterday, was caused by an overdose of chloral.—The deaths are announced of Mr. R. A. Kinglake, brother of the historian of the Crimea, and of Mr. William Potter, Q.C., and Mr. William Speed, Q.C.—The deaths in London last week rose to 575 above the average.—A great victory was scored by the liberal educationists at Oxford, when the proposal to establish a Final Honour School of English Language and Literature was carried in Congregation by a majority of forty.—Captain Boyton's show was sold by auction to-day for £600. The "forests" and "mountain ranges" fetched £8 10s., and the famous "chute" £105.—Colonel Jeremiah Brasyer gave some amusing evidence against Harness to-day. He was told that a belt would make a man of him.—An undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was fined ten shillings for assaulting an Oxford Pro-Practor.—The telephonic service between Denmark and Sweden was formally opened to-day by King Christian and King Oscar.—M. Dupuy was elected President of the French Chamber by thirty-eight votes over M. Brisson.

*Wednesday.* The Manchester Ship Canal was informally opened to-day by the directors taking a trip over the whole of the waterway, 35½ miles. The first sod was cut in November 1887, and the work has continued to the present time, 154 men having been killed at it, 186 permanently and 1404 temporarily injured.—The miners of Mid and East Lothian got a ten per cent. rise in wages.—Mr. Asquith was the principal speaker at a dinner of the Eighty Club.—The deaths are announced of Viscount Strathallan, one of the Scottish representative peers, at the age of fifty-four, and of Lord Clonbrock, one of the representative peers of Ireland, at the age of eighty-six.—Schumann's only operative work, "Genoveva," originally produced at Leipzig in 1850, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre by the students of the Royal College of Music, for the first time on any stage in the United Kingdom.—A "Strad" was sold in London for £620.—A catsup manufacturer of the name of Keddie bore witness in the Harness case. His mind was quite a blank, he said, as to how he got a belt.—A gallery collapsed in a hall at Bristol, where a horse-taming exhibition was taking place, and twelve persons were injured.—It is reported that one Zadock Outram, for twenty-three years the valet of Mr. Gladstone, has been missing for a week.—The appointment of the new Ministry in Serbia was gazetted. General Gruitch is Premier, Minister of War, and Minister of Foreign Affairs all rolled into one.—The silver jubilee of the King of Siam was celebrated at Bangkok.

*Thursday.* Seldom does such pathetic interest attach to an inquest verdict as that which was pronounced to-day on the late Professor Tyndall—"Death from an overdose of chloral, administered accidentally." Mrs. Tyndall gave her husband a dose of chloral, mistaking it for magnesia. For a whole day every effort was taken in vain to revive Professor Tyndall, who, as one witness said, "was a man who fought against death with an extraordinary amount of resolution, and was keenly anxious to live." Everybody will sympathise with his widow.—An identical case came before another coroner, a woman, at Hampstead, having given her husband carbolic acid by mistake instead of some medicine.—Mr. Gladstone wrote to the Scotch miners pointing out that Government interference in their dispute is not called for as in the recent lock-out in England.—The Miners' Federation decided that the Employers' Liability Bill would not be satisfactory unless it included a clause prohibiting contracting-out.—The report of the Committee of Inquiry in the Featherstone shooting cases laid down that there was not a sufficient force of police in the district at the time, that the military were not properly instructed, and that the number of troops requisitioned was too small. The action of the military, however, was justified in law.—The remains of the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans were cremated at Woking.—Lord Winchelsea presided at the conference of the National Agricultural Union and the Duke of Devonshire at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, which has now 11,219 members against its 5597 in 1869, when his father was chairman.—The late Mr. Henry West, Q.C., has been succeeded as Recorder at Manchester by Mr. Joseph Leese, Q.C., M.P., and as Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster by Mr. Samuel Hall, Q.C.—Mr. Henry Gordon Shee, Q.C., has been appointed to the judgeship of the Salford Hundred Court of Record.—Dr. Russell Reynolds succeeded Sir Andrew Clark as President of the College of Physicians.—The state of siege at Rio de Janeiro has been prolonged to Christmas.

*Friday.* Jabez Spencer Balfour is still safe, even although the extradition treaty with Argentina and Great Britain has been concluded, for it is not retrospective.—Mr. Gladstone was confined to bed by an attack of indigestion.—A fearful gale was experienced off the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, much damage being done to shipping.—The first serious disturbance in connection with the Scotch miners' strike occurred at Newton, a force of police having to charge the strikers, who wanted to drive blacklegs from the pits.—Lord Wantage gave evidence before the Royal Committee on Agriculture on the results of the system of profit-sharing he has introduced in Berkshire.—Father Ignatius, addressing a meeting of undergraduates at Oxford, made an attack on the heterodoxy of the late Professor Jowett. He was taunted with being a Jesuit in disguise.—The Hon Robert Preston Bruce died to-day, and, in

consequence, the ceremony of presenting the freedom of Edinburgh to his brother, Lord Elgin, which was to have taken place to-morrow, has been postponed.—At the Westminster Police Court a lady amanuensis was charged with stealing £130 from her employer in South Kensington, and a young French governess of stealing £50 from her employer in Chelsea.—The Rev. George C. Griffiths, a Protestant clergyman, was sentenced to death at the Munster Assizes for the wilful murder of his mother in County Kerry.—A boy of eleven hanged himself at Worcester because he had been punished for playing truant.

*Saturday.* The dynamitard eclipsed himself this afternoon, when a bomb was thrown from the gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies on to the floor of the House. It exploded in the air, and by the bursting fragments about a hundred persons were wounded. Great confusion ensued, but the President, M. Charles Dupuy, remained calm, and enjoined his colleagues to preserve their *sang-froid* and retain their seats, which they did, resuming the debate on which they had been engaged. There is likely to be a triangular contest for the vacant seat at Brighton. Mr. Bruce Wentworth, the Conservative candidate, is a grandson of Canning.—The Duchess of Albany was conducted over the new White Star liner Gothic, the largest vessel, with the exception of the Great Eastern, which has ever entered the port of London.—The deaths are announced of Sir George Elvey, the composer, and Dr. Macarthy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne.—Professor Tyndall was buried at Haslemere.—It was announced in the Bankruptcy Court that Mr. Tom Mann had purchased, for the debtor's wife, the household effects of Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P.—The subscribed money for Venice (Limited) was returned to the shareholders. The directors say there was no foundation for the attacks made on the undertaking.—It was discovered that a young lady, who kept the country house of a London fruit merchant at Henley-on-Thames, had been brutally murdered in a thicket last night.—A man, said to be a diamond merchant, was remanded at Bow Street on a charge of being connected with the forgeries on London banks.—An inquest was held on a Cambridge undergraduate, who flung himself from the third floor of a house in Mayfair. He was suffering from the effects of influenza.—A Christ Church undergraduate has been fined £40 and been sent down for twelve months in connection with the outrage at "The House."

*Sunday.* This afternoon the people of Paris learned that the miscreant who threw the bomb into the Chamber yesterday had been arrested. He is an Anarchist named Vaillant or Marchal. Wounded in the leg and on the nose, he had been taken to the Hôtel Dieu, and when pressed with questions there made a clean breast of the affair. Vaillant has been more or less concerned with political movements since 1884, and he has been five times sent to jail for theft. The bomb was nothing more than a small iron saucepan filled with nails. Picric acid, prussiate of soda, and sulphuric acid were the chemicals employed.—To-day was observed throughout the diocese of London as Education Sunday.—Mr. John Redmond, speaking at Thurles to-day, described Mr. Gladstone as the most skilful Parliamentary hand that ever appeared in English history, though he went on to say there was not a more squeezable statesman.—An attempt made by the Cork Christian Young Men's Association to conduct an open-air mission to-night led to a riot, brickbats and mud being thrown by a mob.—Dr. E. Trollope, Bishop of Nottingham, died this afternoon. He was a voluminous writer on historical, antiquarian, and ecclesiastical subjects.—Mr. William Kuhe, the musician, celebrated his seventieth anniversary to-day. He was born in Prague. Next year will be the jubilee of his connection with music in England.—The Khedive, in celebration of his twentieth birthday, held a reception at Cairo.

*Monday.* The outrage in Paris is the leading subject dealt with by all the newspapers to-day. The opinion is expressed in certain quarters that this country should no longer harbour such ruffians as the Ravachols and Vaillants. Indeed, the *Daily Chronicle* remarks that the situation may be met by making no spot of civilised earth a safe resting-place for them.—A horrible discovery has been made at New York in the hold of a steamer, laden with coffee from Oaxaca, Mexico, a fully equipped infernal machine being found among the cargo. Quite recently another steamer of the same line was mysteriously burned off Cuba, many lives being lost. It is now believed to have been caused by a similarly placed machine.—From Antwerp comes the news of a tremendous fire, which is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. The well-known Hanseatic warehouses, comprising grain stores, which covered an area of about 80,000 square yards, have been destroyed, the loss being estimated at between six and seven million francs.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING (for a limited number of nights), at 8.15, CAPTAIN SWIFT. MATINEE OF CAPTAIN SWIFT, SATURDAY NEXT, Dec. 16, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.—HAYMARKET.

**DALY'S THEATRE,** Leicester Square.—Every Night, at 8. (Doors 7.30.) THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter. MATINEES Saturday next, Dec. 16, Wednesday, Dec. 20, and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2 o'clock. The *Times* says: "Miss Rehan's Lady Teazle is ANOTHER TRIUMPH to be added to the many she has already won." Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. Monday, Jan. 1, THE COUNTRY GIRL.

**TOOLE'S THEATRE.**—EVERY EVENING, at 9 o'clock, MRS. OTHELLO. By the late Fred Leslie and Arthur Shirley. Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Cicely Richards, Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. W. H. Day, Mr. G. Raiemond, Miss Blanche Horlock, Miss Florence Melville. Preceded at 8.15 by THE BROTHERS. Doors open 7.45. Seats at all Libraries. Box-office open 10 to 5. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3.